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MOUNTAIN TRAILS.

ONE of the barbarisms of civilization is the construction of a stage road to the Yo Semite Valley. The march of modern improvement is upon wheels; stage coaches are the scouts, as it were, of the grand army of progress that comes afterwards upon wheels and rails of iron, and like all scouts only impart rude shocks to the old order of things without establishing the new. Staging, in a country so interlaced with railroads as the United States, is characteristic of society in a transition condition, which, except in a politico-economical point of view, is not attractive.

Every true lover of adventure and of the picturesque, will hear with a feeling akin to regret, the announcement made by the California newspapers this spring, that the stage road has been extended to within twelve miles of the great valley, and that the delightful feeling of recovered freedom with which one gets out of the stage-hack at the terminus of its route and stretches the kinks out of his cramped legs and back as he mounts into the saddle, that most independent position of a traveller (independent because a good rider and his horse are one), is deferred for eight or ten more weary miles of staging.

Over the monotonous, dusty San

Joaquin plains from Stockton to the Stanislaus, staging is endurable, because at best there is little to be seen, and the tourist feels like drawing himself into his shell and dreaming of pleasanter scenes; but over the black volcanic ridges between Knights-bridge and Chinese Camp, and through the wild cañons of the Tuolumne, to the end of the stage road, any one who knows why he is going to Yo Semite at all, wants to be free to pause here and there without having some human clod say: "Driver, what d' ye stop for? anything broke?"

But let us suppose that all of these petty nuisances have been left behind at the end of the stage route, that he has been released from the position in which, perhaps, to describe it geographically, he was bounded on the south by an excessively hard seat; on the east by a Celestial John who seemed, like all the rest of his countrymen, to have brought with him an odor from a kingdom the very opposite of celestial; on the west by a nondescript of Caucasian descent, who seemed oblivious of the fact that there is any whiskey that is bad; and on the north by the top of the hack which continually threatened him with concussion of the brain; that he has presented his

checks and claimed himself out of the mass of other dusty human baggage, and with foot in stirrup has become something more than a mere man, for he is a horseman, the composite creature with the swiftness and strength of a horse and the intelligence of a man which the ancients idealized in the myth of the centaur.

He is now eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the summits of the ridges that two days before, when he first saw them from the streets of Stockton, seemed to be only masses of heavy clouds. All around him now are great dome-shaped granite mountains that rise above the general summit of the range, peaks that on clear days may be seen a hundred miles away, from the other side of the San Joaquin valley.

Wheeled vehicles of every kind, with all their concomitant barbarisms, have been left behind. No ruts mark the routes of travel here. The narrow trail which he follows now is a mere foot-path, here leading into the mid-day twilights of pine forests, and there over bald spaces of granite rock where its faintly-marked line is scarcely distinguishable. Suddenly the trail seems to end on the brink of a precipice, and approaching it he looks off into a chasm so vast and deep that it seems as though the great globe had been split open. This chasm, fifteen miles long, varying from a mile to two miles in width, nearly a mile in depth, and surrounded by mountain walls which everywhere seem so nearly perpendicular as to make descent impossible, is Yo Semite Valley.

Our eyes are accustomed to measuring the distance of objects only upon horizontal lines; but here the stupendous cliffs on the opposite side of the valley seem so near and hard and real, while the little world of the valley below, with its miniature trees and its miniature river, is so far and faint and blue, that all usual stand-

ards are at fault, and the valley seems as unreal as a dream.

This, indeed, is the peculiarity of Yo Semite scenery: that the usual appearance of mountains and valleys, with respect to distance, seems reversed, and, viewed from the summits of any of the perpendicular cliffs, the others all seem near, while the valley, which is the nearest on a horizontal line, and therefore should seem the nearest, alone seems remote.

The average height of the cliffs that wall the valley in, is about four thousand feet; but these are only the pedestals for other mountains, that swell into vast domes, sloping upward from the summits of the cliffs. These cannot be seen in all their magnitude from the valley. The grandest views, therefore, are to be had only from the cliffs, which take in at once the heights above and the depths below. At this first sight of the valley, there bursts involuntarily from the lips of almost every visitor some expression of wonder or awe which, written down and read again by others, or even by himself after the first surprise has worn off, may seem extravagant enough, but which would only show that he who wrote was human, and experienced then a new sensation. "What did you say when you first looked off into the valley?" frequently asks, with a smile, some thoughtful person, conscious of having himself been thrown off his guard, and betrayed into some unwonted expression when he first looked upon the wonderful scene. Curious indeed would be a written record of the exclamations made by each visitor at that instant of his experience; though I think it would be found, to the credit of humanity, that of all the exclamations, profane, silly, and reverent, the latter would predominate.

Entering the valley by the Coulterville trail, it took us nearly an hour to come down the cliffs; and when at last we reached the bottom, it was at a point nearly opposite to the fall of

the Bridal Veil. From the summit of a cliff which is nearly eighteen hundred feet above the valley, a stream about ten feet broad in those September days, but much larger in the spring and summer, makes one perpendicular plunge of nine hundred and seventy feet before it strikes the sloping lower half of the cliff. For the first hundred or two feet of its descent, the column of water is tolerably compact; then it begins to form into pointed jets, or waves, shaped like arrow-heads, which become more and more elongated as they seem to race after each other, until at last each, like Undine in Fouqué's beautiful story, disappears in a cloud of spray. The further the water falls, the wider it spreads and the slower it goes; until, as the wind blowing up the valley sways its misty column forty or fifty feet back and forth, it seems but a "downward smoke."

On the opposite side of the valley, the vast bulk of El Capitan, towering up like some Titanic bastion, with perpendicular walls over three thousand feet high, was growing red in the slanting sunlight of that September evening; while eight miles up the valley the bald head of the strange-shaped South Dome, six thousand feet higher than where we stood, was still in the undiminished light of day. Language, however, conveys but a faint and inadequate idea of such scenery. Photographs entirely fail to give even an idea of the vast bulks and heights of the mountains. It is only after the eye has travelled slowly over each separate rock and tree, from the base toward the summits of the cliffs, comparing each with some familiar object, that one begins to realize how great the mountains are, and how small is man. But there are comparatively few who, even by this method, get a conception of the great height of these perpendicular cliffs; just as there are comparatively few people who get any notion of the vast difference between 10,000 and

1,000,000 when they see these figures printed. Great heights, depths, distances, and bulks, are, in fact, always measured in our minds by something within the range of our familiar experience. We seldom see any object in art or nature which presents a perpendicular line of more than a few hundred feet; it is difficult, therefore, for us to realize the magnitude of greater things than we have seen before. One is told that the perpendicular front of El Capitan is three thousand feet high; but his eyes, accustomed only to smaller things, cannot see the great difference between three thousand feet and three hundred feet until after long and careful comparisons.

The cross on Trinity spire in New York is two hundred and eighty feet above the pavement, being only about thirty feet lower than the tallest of the "big trees." But standing on the summit of El Capitan, one might toss a stone lightly outward, and it would fall and fall through the air from nearly twelve times the height of Trinity spire before it would reach the earth at the base of the cliff.

The way to get an adequate conception of the height of a mountain is to climb it. When one has climbed as much as he thought would have brought him to the top, that goal seems about as far off as when he started. But there are only a few places where he can do this in Yosemite. In the forty or fifty miles of cliffs that surround it, there are only five or six places where one may climb entirely out of the valley, though there are other gorges filled with such a wilderness of rocks of every size, from that of a cottage to that of a cathedral, that if one did not find a trail twisting like a serpent up and down, between, over, and even under some of them where they lean against each other or against the cliff from which they have fallen, he would not believe it possible to traverse the little world of chaos.

Through such a wild cañon as this the Merced river finds its way into Yo Semite Valley, and following the stream the Nevada trail takes one up to the Nevada fall. For a considerable portion of the route the river can be heard chafing and roaring only a few yards away. Yet it hides like a tricky spirit among the rocks, and one does not get a glimpse of it in all that narrow cañon until suddenly he sees it shining in the air far overhead.

Tracing it out of this labyrinth, one day, I came to Pi-wy-ack (Vernal) fall, and looking up saw it leaping over a ledge three hundred and fifty feet above. Climbing again, still on horseback, by a dizzy zigzag trail, to the summit of this ledge, and following the stream upward a mile, I came to the foot of Nevada fall, in which the river makes one grand leap of seven hundred feet from another ledge, seeming to pour its silver column out of the blue and cloudless heavens.

And so one may climb and climb, on horseback, up other wild gorges, higher mountains and higher ledges coming into view as he ascends, until he is stopped by some such tremendous wall as this over which the Merced makes its first glittering plunge toward the valley. But if he takes some route by which he may reach the summit of the Yo Semite wall, he may at last look off over the strangely-shaped domes of granite, grayish white, like heaps of ashes, one bald summit rising after another, until in the far horizon they seem to mingle with the clouds.

Figures may measure height and depth and distance, but not the solemn stillness that seems to rest on all these worn and barren domes of rock, impressing the soul with awe, and making arithmetic in such company seem almost impertinent. The perpendicular cliffs make a different impression, and whether viewed from their bases or their summits, they seem

to be ever toppling over. The convulsions of nature which caused them, left them transfixed in the midst of action which seems always about to be continued. El Capitan seems to be ever reaching out towards the cliffs on the opposite side of the valley, from which he was separated in some dire moment, ages ago. But in this elevated country, formed by the summits of the mountains, where there is frost nearly every night in the year, and the snows of the long winter are from ten to twenty feet deep, the predominant aspect of the landscape is one of extreme old age. There are no angular outlines here. The rounded mountain-tops, white and cold, like the foreheads of dead Titans, uplifted to the skies, have been smoothed by the hand of Time into an expression of repose, and around them all nature keeps silence.

But while the marvellous scenery of the mountains, not only in the Yo Semite Valley but in the tremendous cañons of the Tuolumne and on the desolate granite plateaux toward Lake Mono, are, of course, the primary attractions to the tourist, the excitement, the strange fascination of danger, in riding up and down the perilous mountain trails, require more of his attention, and lend more than half the interest to his journey. Men are impelled to test their own sagacity and coolness, and continually do it in all the ventures of every character in life. A bold man, whether a philosopher, a financier, a soldier, or any other kind of adventurer, is attracted by danger of disaster, which he believes his own sagacity will overcome. "Shall any path be closed to me by reason of my own weakness?" asks the proud man. One risks being made the laughing-stock of generations to come, by a new theory. Another risks his great wealth in the stock exchange, and another his life in climbing the Alps. Each is a traveller on a hazardous trail, and must be continually on his guard lest he fall.

But to get back to the trails about Yo Semite: there are two principal routes into the valley—the Mariposa trail and the Coulterville trail. I entered by the latter, which is the easiest and safest means of access to the valley. But even this is a path not more than two feet wide, running zigzag down a declivity which for twelve hundred feet of descent is only a little more than thirty degrees from the perpendicular. To one unaccustomed to such mountain-paths, it seems at first impossible for a horse to go down at all, to say nothing about carrying a man on his back. But the mules and the tough little California horses climb up and down the steep paths like cats on a roof. In hundreds of places a misstep would send horse and rider tumbling over jagged rocks, hundreds of feet below; but one soon learns to have a great deal of respect for the intelligence and judgment of a horse. Instances of this are shown every day by the pack-horses that carry all the baggage in and out of Yo Semite Valley. At "Hodgden's," or wherever else the end of the progressing barbarian stage road may be, "Comanche," or "Wild Dick," or "Pi Ute," or "Schinderhannes," is loaded with your baggage, which is securely lashed to his wooden pack-saddle. He is turned loose ahead of your party, and away he goes, without rider or driver, over the ridges, through the cañons, and down the great Yo Semite cliffs, into the valley and to his master's house, twenty miles away, reaching there hours before you do. He never loses his way, and scarcely ever gets a fall.

Of the trails traversed by most visitors to the valley, the "Nevada" is the steeper and more dangerous in appearance. Following the Merced up to Register Rock, it begins to mount zigzag along the face of an almost perpendicular cliff. Higher and higher it rises, a narrow ledge only about two feet wide and as steep

as an ordinary staircase. When one has ascended a thousand feet perpendicularly, he could throw a stone outward so that it would fall near the spot where he began the ascent.

At several places on the route, the trail turns so sharply around projections of the cliff that it seems scarcely possible to follow it further. Twenty feet ahead is a chasm a thousand feet deep. There the path seems to end in mid-air. Just beyond, you catch a glimpse of an awful wall, so smooth that as the eye ranges up and down from its lofty summit shining in the sun, to its base in the shadowy gorge where the sunlight never falls, there is not a projection on which a bird could perch. There is no room to turn to go back, and it seems madness to go ahead. But in the path are tracks of horses' feet. One hesitates and concludes that they who passed this way before him could not have gone twenty feet further and all stepped off into space; so he follows them cautiously, and finds that the trail turns sharply around a point of rock. So sharply it turns, that the body of his horse is curved in getting around. One leg of the rider is scraped hard against the projecting rock. In any other situation he would cry out with the pain; but he does not mind it now. His attention is concentrated upon the motions of his horse, which carefully selects the particular stones upon which to step, and tests their solidity before resting his weight upon them. On one side is the wall of hard, uncompromising rock, which one can almost fancy moving to crowd him off; and on the other, something that is terrible because it is nothing—nothing but air. Scornfully we laugh, in our cooler moments, at the idea of spirits in the air; yet here, Saint Paul's reference to the Prince of the Power of the Air seems to have a new significance. "Nothing but air!" yet in it there is something at which, having given a glance, one dares not look

again, for he knows it is the demon of Vertigo, whose power of fascination over the human eye and brain is like that of the serpent over the charmed bird.

On almost any one of the turns in the Nevada trail, a horse would fall four or five hundred feet if he should get over the edge of the path. Indeed, such an accident did occur during the latter part of the summer. A tourist, who was ascending to the Nevada fall, and was too fearful to ride, had dismounted and was leading his horse. Whether the animal stumbled or became frightened, was not known; but suddenly he fell over the edge of the cliff, and went crashing through the shrubs that grew along its face, and when I passed along the path, his crushed carcass could be seen three or four hundred feet below.

The Nevada trail extends no further than the foot of Nevada fall; and, as mentioned before, communication between Yo Semite Valley and the outer world is confined mainly to the Coulterville and Mariposa trails. There is, however, one other and more hazardous route than any of these, and where those who have tested the steadiness of their hands and brains on the Nevada trail may experience again some nervous sensations. This is a new path up Indian Cañon, and was made by the Indians during last summer. When myself and a chance travelling companion went out of Yo Semite by that route in the last week of September, only two parties of white men had ever preceded us. Our object in going by that route was to get the fine view of the whole valley and surrounding country from Eagle Point, which is the highest one of the "Three Brothers." The Indian Cañon trail is perhaps no steeper than many parts of the Nevada and Mariposa trails, but there is more of it that is so; and while the other trails are about two feet wide, and

have a sort of parapet of stones piled up along the outer edge, this one is, in many places, very little over a foot wide, and has nothing along the outer edge but the loose stones, which slide off and rattle down the mountain as the horses pass along. The general altitude of the mountains at Indian Cañon is about four thousand feet above the valley, and the angle of their slope about thirty degrees from the perpendicular. Up this declivity the trail runs zigzag, making its total length to the summit about two miles. The average grade of the trail, therefore, is about two thousand feet to the mile, or a rise of two feet in three. But this includes the easy slopes at the base and the summit of the mountain, while a large portion of the ascent is at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Eagle Point is nearly 4,500 feet above Hutchings' Hotel, in the valley below, and is so nearly over the house that if a pistol were fired from the peak, the ball would fall near the hotel, over three-quarters of a mile below. Accompanied by a guide, we started at ten o'clock in the forenoon for this most exciting of all our Yo Semite experiences. We led our horses a third of the way, as neither we nor our guide cared to risk our lives on the chance of their stepping six inches out of the path. Part of the time we clambered ahead of our animals, drawing ourselves up with one hand by the manzanita bushes, and tugging at the halters with the other to urge our unwilling horses up the steep. When this plan failed, we fell to the rear, caught hold of their tails and "larruped 'em" with the long knotted halter, forcing them to drag us up, until the stones came flying from under their heels too thick to be dodged. Sometimes we paused, completely blown, but both horse and man had to be wary how they rested, as it was impossible to get a place level enough to stand at ease. Our strong-lunged guide, who, during the

first half of the ascent had been pelted the opposite cliff with Indian and Mexican words and phrases, and which the cliff had thrown indignantly back in the form of a wonderful echo, was soon obliged to save his wind to help himself and horse up the mountain. Exhausting as the work was for ourselves, it was more so for our horses. Every muscle in their shoulders and flanks fluttered as though they had the ague. They were as wet as though they had been in a shower, and the sweat ran in a little stream from each fetlock.

After two hours and a half of such intense and almost incessant exertion as this, we reached the general summit of the cliffs, leaving us yet five hundred feet to climb to Eagle Point. Here all signs of a trail disappeared, and we were obliged to pick our way over and around ridge after ridge of naked granite, the long sloping sides of which were as hard and slippery and almost as devoid of vegetation as the flag-stone pavement of a city street. Travel over them was dangerous, because they were seamed all over with fissures large enough to let in a horse's leg, and in some places the whole horse and the rider to boot.

Where two such rocky slopes met, we found the bed of Yo Semite creek. It was almost dry, and only a little water gurgled around the worn granite boulders which everywhere showed evidences of the terrible churning they get in the hollows of the rocks when the stream is full in the spring. The sound of running water in the midst of such a cast-iron landscape as this, was like the laughter of happy children breaking over the austerities of an ancient Puritan Sabbath. Upon the sunny rocks in the bed of the stream we sat down to lunch, dipping our tin cups into the crevices occasionally, to get a drink of the cool water that half a mile further down shoots over a cliff into the valley, and is dissi-

pated into spray long before it completes its fall of sixteen hundred feet.

For Glacier Point and Inspiration Point, as against Eagle Point, is frequently disputed the claim to the grandest general view of the valley and the surrounding mountains, though it seems scarcely possible that from either of the first two could it be grander than from Eagle Point. From its overhanging peak, the whole valley is, vertically, nearly a mile beneath one's feet, and one gets a fair idea of how the earth looks from a balloon. From that height, a horse down in the valley is barely visible; while, owing to the vertical position of his body, a man is not visible at all. The tall pine trees, many of them a hundred and fifty feet high, present only their horizontal diameters to the view, and look no bigger than the spreading peach trees in an adjacent orchard. Across the valley, and six miles distant through the air, is the long glittering column of the Nevada fall. It seems not more than half that distance, and yet by the shortest route one could travel, it would be a long and hard day's journey to reach it.

From here every great peak about Yo Semite is in sight. The perpendicular part of El Capitan is dwarfed by the greater height from which it is viewed, but the oblong dome on top comes into view and maintains his dignity. Looking toward the east and southeast, the whole background is crowded with rounded peaks. To the eastward, the nearest ones are the North and South Domes. Beyond them is Clouds' Rest, its summit six thousand feet above the valley; and still beyond is the elevated desolate mountain region that surrounds Lake Mono, the Dead Sea of California. To the southward, the Cap of Liberty, which towered up apparently as high as any of the surrounding peaks when viewed from the valley, has sunk almost out of sight, and seems a mere hillock beside the South Dome. Beyond it is Mount Starr King,

and further still, a dim and cloudlike mass, is Mount Dana, the second highest mountain in California.

There was no trail from Eagle Point in any direction, but our guide thought he knew a route over El Capitan's back, and that by a short cut of three or four miles in that direction we might strike the Mono trail and go by that route six or seven miles further before dark, to Tamarack Flat, where there is a lonely mountain station for the accommodation of tourists on the Coulterville trail. But after an hour spent in climbing long inclined planes of granite, we found further progress cut off by perpendicular cliffs, and there was no way but to retrace our steps and go six or seven miles around the western spur of the ridge. It was now five o'clock in the afternoon. We were at least twelve miles from any house or known camp, and five or six miles from any trail. Yet as we had neither provisions nor blankets, we were not prepared to camp, and there was nothing to be done but to push on.

In the mountains the night seems to rise like a shadowy tide, flowing into the valleys from the east, stealing into the deepest ones first, rising higher and higher, until at last the daylight lingers on the peaks alone, which are reddened for a while before they disappear; and now, as we clattered down the rocky slopes of El Capitan into the cañon, it was like plunging into a lake of cool air.

It was twilight when we reached the Mono trail, a dim little foot-path leading up over stony ridges and down into cañons where the lofty pines shut out even the light of the stars, and we had to trust to the instinct of our horses to keep in the trail which we could not see.

On the ridges there was more light, but a quarter of a million sheep had been herded in numerous flocks high up in the mountains of Mariposa county, about Yo Semite, during the summer, and the paths made by these in

their peregrinations from one little mountain valley to another in search of the crisp grass that grows along the margins of the creeks, were scarcely distinguishable from the trail. About eight o'clock, after climbing up and down half a dozen ridges, our guide thought we should be near Tamarack Flat. For some time he had been shouting at intervals a long-drawn "I-e-oo-hoo!" but as we stopped and listening held our breaths, we heard only elfish mocking echoes answering unexpectedly from cliffs invisible in the darkness, and, when these ceased, nothing but the lonesome whispering of the pines. At last, however, when in despair of reaching any inhabited place, we began to consider the probability of having to build a fire and stand around it all night for want of blankets to sleep under, a faint "Halloo!" came drifting to us as from some great distance through the forest. We had now about concluded that for the last half hour we had been wandering about in an interminable maze of sheep-paths instead of following the Mono trail; we therefore did in a physical sense, what genius does figuratively when it opens a new vein in literature, a new method in science, or new tactics in war: we abandoned all beaten paths, and shaped our course as best we could toward the direction from which the voice came.

After a ride, or rather a scramble, of nearly a mile, in which our horses stumbled over fallen trees, and the low-hanging boughs of the balsam firs and the cedars seemed to be arms and hands that reached down from the dark masses of foliage overhead, to grab first at one's hat and then at its wearer, we came into a little open space of a dozen acres or so, and our horses' hoofs clattered once more on the hard, smooth granite surface, where not even the dwarf pines could find a crevice to take root in. In the middle of this opening, stood a man with an axe on his shoulder, his figure

brought into bold relief by the light of two or three camp-fires, low down in the little valley behind him. Our guide, who had been confident, while we were following the sound of this man's voice through the forest, that we were coming to Tamarack Flat, now seemed a good deal disconcerted.

"Is this Tamarack Flat?"

"Not by a durned sight," said the man with the axe.

"How far is it to there?"

"Well, about seven or eight miles."

"But what place is this, then?"

"None pertickler, except a sheep camp. But come down to the camp and dismount, gentlemen; you can't git any further to-night!"

At the mention of "sheep camp" we knew at once that the privilege of sitting by a fire and having mutton stew to eat, was all that was to be expected. It was true that it was something of an improvement on the same thing minus the mutton stew, the possibility of which fate we had been seriously contemplating half an hour before, but it was not what we wanted most; a bed—or at least blankets, which are absolutely indispensable to any chance for sleep in the cold night air of the mountains. But independent of these considerations, there was something peremptory in the tone of the herdsman's invitation to come down to the camp and dismount; and though we followed him down to the camp-fires, it was with vague doubts in the minds of both my companion and myself as to whether it would not be better, not to say safer, to go on and try to reach Tamarack Flat. As we three rode up to the fire, the man with the axe stepped around to the other side of it to have the light on our faces and see what was our "style." At the same instant we also discovered that on his side of the fire there were two others equally interested in a similar inspection. The red light of a remote camp-fire in the wildest district of the Sierra Nevadas was a strange one in which to make

new acquaintances. "Who are you?" was the expression of each of our six faces, as with hands held outward to shield our eyes from the glare of the fire, we mutually inspected each other for half a minute in silence.

"You may as well git off your horses, for I reckon you'll have to stay here to-night," said the man with the axe.

Our guide somehow seemed reluctant to accept the proffered hospitality, but whether it was because he felt a little chop-fallen at getting lost, or from some other cause, we could not tell—but he made some show of a disposition to urge going on, and said he believed we could get to Tamarack Flat.

"You'll stand a good chance of breakin' some of your necks if you try it," interposed the axeman; "but," added he in a sullen sort of way, "I suppose you can do as you damn please," and with these comforting assurances he turned and walked off to one of the other fires about fifty yards distant, and began to replenish it with fuel.

"What are those fires for?" said I, addressing one of the two men who remained.

"To keep the bears off the sheep."

I had by this time lost confidence in our guide, and declared that for one, I should stay where I was, and, as my companion only waited for me to decide the question of whether we should try to go on or not, we dismounted and deliberately undertook the experiment of crouching around the fire all night, with no prospect of sleep.

In all the broad continent there is no occupation in which a white man can engage, that so isolates him from the rest of the world and from the current of events, as that of sheep-herdsman in the Sierra Nevadas. All summer long he is a mere appendage to a flock of from two thousand to twenty-five hundred sheep, which wander about from one little mountain creek to another, finding the best

grass on the borders of those frequented the least by man or beast. He has neither horse nor tent; he makes no journey long enough to require the former, and the long, rainless California summer makes the latter unnecessary. All this time, during a greater portion of each night, he trims the half-dozen little fires which surround the camp with a cordon of light and protection, and pauses at intervals to listen to the indefinite nocturnal noises of the forest which his imagination tortures into the soft, spongy tread of a "grizzly" lurking around for a chance to break into the corral. Toward morning, when the bears go home to their dens, he wraps himself in his blanket, lies down on the ground by the fire, and snoozes till a late hour in the morning, while his assistant gets the breakfast and lets the sheep out of the corral. It would seem that none but moody, taciturn men, or men with some secret to keep, would voluntarily resort to so lonesome a life. The three (or rather the two, for one was only a temporary guest, a herdsman whose flock was several miles distant) into whose camp we had wandered, had been in the wilderness for several months continuously; their hair and beards were long and matted into elf-locks, their faces were weather-beaten and darkened with the smoke of camp fires, and one of them, a brawny German, had not heard of the surrender of the Emperor of the French to his countrymen, though it had occurred a month before. Indeed, he only knew the general fact that there was war between Germany and France, but had heard nothing of the long story of battles and sieges which I briefly sketched out to him in the pauses of eating mutton stew.

After a little while I went out along the line marked out by the fires that surrounded the corral, and found the sullen man with the axe. His story, briefly told, was, that his name was "Bill," and he kept sheep for Izet,

a wealthy farmer down on the plains. We walked on around the corral, a little pen about eighty feet square, made of poles and logs, forming a low fence, inside of which were crowded two thousand sheep. "Sheep," he said, were "knowin' things," for, "if a bear got amongst 'em, they'd all jump out of the corral, and break straight for the camp-fire where they knewed there was men to protect 'em."

But I was worn out with the excitement and fatigues of the day, and soon came back to where my companion and the guide were nodding by the fire. The two herdsman were preparing to stretch themselves out in their blankets, and I set to work to contrive a bed out of a saddle-blanket, an overcoat, and a pile of tamarack boughs, though as soon as I straightened out in it I realized that it was a miserable failure. Just then the sullen man came back from his grand round of the picket line, and seeing my attempt at a bed, went to his own, and taking from it two of the heaviest blankets, tossed them to me with a grunt, which if it meant anything, meant: "There, d—n you, take that!"

Whether it be that the mind is more apprehensive of danger when the body is in a recumbent position, or that in the drowsy unreasoning condition that precedes sleep, past impressions that have been temporarily overcome by reasoning are renewed; be this as it may, I had no sooner got well nestled down than I found myself resolving that I would not go to sleep, but would just lie there, "with one eye open, you know," and watch the motions of that fellow with the axe. From where I lay I could take in at a glance three of the fires, which he stirred up and renewed now and then. As he paused by one of them, I saw his axe gleam for an instant in its light, and then he passed on under the whispering pines, in his circuit around the corral. It seemed

to me that I had barely closed my eyes, when, remembering my resolve not to go to sleep, I started up again—to find it was broad daylight. The fire had become a smouldering heap of white ashes, beside which my companion was still squatted, but sound asleep, and with a blanket drawn over head and ears, giving him a semblance to the famous headless rooster. The guide had paired off with one of the wild men, under whose blankets the two were sleeping “spoon-fashion,” and close by me lay the axeman, asleep like the rest. The keen axe, which had gleamed so ominously in the red fire-light of the night be-

fore, was struck into a log, its handle elevated at an angle convenient to the hand of any man who wanted to use it,—an honest woodman’s implement, with which to make warmth, light and protection in the wilderness.

A breakfast of mutton, stewed, broiled, and fried, a hearty grasp of Bill’s grimy hand, careful directions from him about the route, and a ride of ten or twelve miles through the heavy pine forest, brought us out of the Yo Semite wilderness at the end of the stage road in the Tuolumne valley.

W. L. FAWCETTE.

THE FOUR TOMBSTONES.

NOT a thousand miles from Chicago is a country churchyard, in which the traveller may have seen, from his seat in the railway car, four tombstones, similar in appearance, standing in a row, and facing the railroad. There is a curious story connected with these tombstones, the main facts of which can be vouched for, although a shade of mystery envelops the details. Real names and places are not given, for the reason that the parties, with two exceptions, are respectable people, and the giving of their names to the public would inflict undeserved injury upon the innocent, and serve no good purpose in bringing to punishment the guilty.

A few years ago, a disastrous collision occurred on the railroad above alluded to. It was, at the time, considered the most destructive that had happened in the State. There were a great many passengers on board the train. Several were killed, and very many were severely bruised. Among the killed was a man who could not be identified. His body was kept unburied for several days, but was

finally given into the charge of the sexton, who buried it in the “strangers’ corner,” which was the lowest, dampest part of the churchyard. The names of the victims of the accident were published in the local paper, together with an account of the funerals. All the bodies, except that of the aforesaid stranger, were identified and borne to their respective localities for final interment.

A few weeks after the disaster, the sexton received a letter from a lady, some hundreds of miles away, stating that her husband was on board the ill-fated train, and that she had seen his name in the list of the killed, and also an account of the funerals. She was very ill, and could not at present come in person, and she requested the sexton to cause to be erected over his grave a suitable tombstone—enclosing in her letter a draft for one hundred dollars to pay the cost of the same. The sexton, knowing that the only body of the railroad victims remaining in the churchyard was that of the stranger, concluded that he must be the lady’s husband. So he purchased

a gravestone that cost about fifteen dollars, and had the epitaph which the lady had sent to him cut upon it, and erected it over the stranger's grave.

A few days after this was completed, he received another letter from a lady, stating that her husband was a victim of the great disaster; for she had seen his name in the list of the killed. The sexton searched the list—and, true enough, there it was. She enclosed fifty dollars in money, requesting him to superintend the purchase and erection of a headstone with the name and age of the deceased.

The sexton was an honest man, as times go, and was sorely puzzled what to do.

"If I send back the money," said he, "this lady will not be satisfied. She will tax me with neglect in trying to find her husband's grave. I will therefore erect the tombstone according to orders."

But where? If he should place it in the cemetery proper, it would be noticed at once, and enquiries would be made as to how it came there. If, on the other hand, he should place it in the "strangers' corner," it might escape observation, since very few persons had occasion to visit that out-of-the-way part of the cemetery. He accordingly concluded to place it by the side of the mysterious stranger who had not been identified, and over whose grave he had already erected a tombstone. He therefore ordered a cheap stone to be made.

He next quietly slid down to the graveyard on the edge of an evening, and proceeded to make a mound similar to that of a real grave. While he was rounding up the earth, Neighbor Adams came along, and seeing him at work, accosted him:

"What, Sexton Carter! Somebody dead?"

The sexton looked up. "Aha, Neighbor Adams, is that you? Glad to see you. Late to be walking out, isn't it? Somebody dead, did you ask? Yes, the accident, you know,—

the great railroad disaster. I'm rounding up the graves a little. Nobody else to do it for the poor bodies."

"I thought," says Adams, "that there was but one stranger who was not finally identified."

"Two, Neighbor Adams, two; only one gravestone erected as yet."

"Well, well, that may be," says Adams. "I may be mistaken. Mistakes will happen. Good evening to you," and with that Neighbor Adams went away.

Then the sexton fell to digging again, and muttering and patting the damp mound of earth with his spade. "Dust to dust; we are of the earth, earthy. To-day we are alive and well (head a little higher), and to-morrow we are (a trifle flatter) in the ground," (bringing down his spade with a slap); "or, as the poet beautifully expresses the same idea,

'Our days are as the grass, [slap,]
Or like the morning flowers.' [slap, slap.]

Take away the breath, and it matters little whether the body is [slap] here, or [slap] there." The sexton worked so vigorously with his spade that his sentences could not be fully understood. "The body is not essential to commemorating the [slap, slap,] of the deceased. I am in this case only anticipating by a few [slap, slap,] the work of decay which would [slap, slap, slap,] the departed to dust, supposing he were here."

With commendable dispatch the stone was erected. Some time after, just as the sexton was thanking his stars that the job was completed, he received a third letter. It was from a lady, saying that her husband was on board the unfortunate train, and that his name was in the list of the killed. She wished a suitable gravestone erected to his memory. She was poor in this world's goods, and had, moreover, just recovered from a severe illness when the news of the disaster came to her. "Would to God"—thus she wrote—"I had died when

my husband died!" She enclosed in her letter fifty dollars to pay the expense of the tombstone, and prayed the sexton to erect it as soon as possible, adding that as soon as she should be able she would visit his grave.

"Lord ha' mercy!" cried the sexton. "Where is this thing going to end? It makes my heart bleed to receive such harrowing letters. The poor husband is dead, and his stricken wife is just in the seed-time of life, as it were. Name in the papers among the missing! It is possible, barely possible, that that stranger was her husband; now I think of it, he was a young man, and looked as if he might have been a father. I fear I made a mistake in that first tombstone. What can I do? I will erect the stone, at any rate. My duty will be done according to the letter—and spirit of the contract, supposing he is dead."

When the stone was completed, a few days afterward, the sexton shouldered his spade one evening as the day was winking its last wink, and went to the corner where was buried the stranger, and where were the two gravestones already erected, and began to round up the earth by the side of the second one, like the top of a newly-made grave. While he was digging, Neighbor Flint happened to come that way.

"How?" says Neighbor Flint; "digging a grave at this time of night?"

"Aha! Good evening, Neighbor Flint!" says the sexton, heartily. "Isn't it late to be walking out? The accident, the railroad accident,—graves need fixing now and then."

"But," says Neighbor Flint, "I thought there were only two strangers buried here."

"Three, Neighbor Flint,—three strangers killed in that fearful accident."

"Well, well, I am liable to be mistaken. That reminds me, now, that I first thought there was but one; soon

I heard that there were two; now I see that there are two gravestones."

"True, true, Neighbor Flint, there are two tombstones, as you can plainly see. But it is terribly chilly to-night. Aren't you afraid of catching the influenza?"

"It *is* chilly," answered Neighbor Flint, "and I must be going;" and he went his way.

"That will do," said the sexton, as he gave the last pat with his spade to the mound he had made for a grave. "I will put up the tombstone to-morrow night."

On the next morning but one, the traveller might have seen three tombstones standing in a row.

It was but a few days after that another letter came to the sexton. It was from a lady living in a distant part of the country. She wrote that she had seen the account of the late railroad disaster, and that her husband, who was travelling in that vicinity about that time, was on board the train, and was among the killed. He had been faithful in writing to her, although he had visited her but once since their marriage, about a year ago. She sent his name, and enclosed forty dollars in cash with which to pay for a tombstone. "Oh, Sir!" wrote the broken-hearted woman, "will you see that the stone is properly placed? I cannot come now to attend to it, for reasons that I need not mention; but I hope my little one may live to visit its father's grave."

"Spades and mattocks!" cried the sexton. "What a dreadful accident that was! How many widows it has made! How many orphans! Poor woman, I pity her, left as she is, without the protecting arm of her husband. A plain tombstone; yes, a plain tombstone let it be!"

It might be supposed that the sexton would be at a greater loss what to do in this case than in the former ones. But not so; he had broken ground—several times, for that matter,—and it was comparatively easy for him to

go on. So he went at once and ordered the plain tombstone.

One evening, as Dame Night came along, the sexton fell into her shadow and skulked his way to the "strangers' corner" of the graveyard to round up another grave.

"Bless me, how uncertain life is!" said the sexton, as he worked away with his spade. "People dying all about us;—and then the railroads, what havoc they make among humanity! Four mourning widows and a great many children, besides those unborn; all on account of this terrible accident. Truly, as the poet says, 'I gather them in, I gather them in.'"

Presently Neighbor Stone came that way. "What!" says he, "another death, and a stranger too?"

"Humph!" exclaims the sexton, looking up. "Why, bless my stars, Neighbor Stone, how do you do? Glad to see you. How is Mrs. Stone and the little Stones? None of them sick or dead, I hope. I was just fearing that you might be looking for me to dig a grave for some one of them. All well? Glad to hear it."

"Who's dead?" asks Stone.

"You remember the accident, do n't you,—the railroad accident?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, you see, I am just giving the polishing touch to the graves of the victims. No relatives to do it, you know."

"I thought," says Neighbor Stone, "that there were but three strangers buried here."

"Four," says the sexton, "four strangers; there are three tombstones, as you see."

"Oh, yes," says Stone, "three tombstones,—that must be it. I remember now,—three tombstones!" and Neighbor Stone wended his way homeward, pondering how easily a man may be mistaken unless he knows of his own knowledge.

The sexton completed the false grave, and then congratulated himself

that he was making a good thing out of the railroad accident, and nobody would be the worse for it. The four tombstones were now all completed, and made a creditable appearance, considering that they were of the cheapest quality.

The ground had fairly settled, and the grass began to grow upon the mounds, when the sexton received another letter from the lady who had first written to him, saying that, Providence permitting, she would be in the place on a certain day to inspect the tombstone which she supposed he had caused to be erected over the grave of her husband.

"That stone is all right!" said the sexton triumphantly, as he folded the letter; and he went singing to the cemetery, where he had to dig a grave for an old neighbor who had died of apoplexy.

"Old neighbors keep dropping away," said the sexton; "but apoplexy can't keep pace with railroads for making the sexton's a lively business!"

On his way home he called at the post-office and found three letters for him. He opened them before he left the office, and putting on his spectacles, read them. It was an extraordinary thing for the sexton to receive so many letters at once, and the postmaster could not help observing him as he read them. The sexton turned red, then pale, then blue; then he shook as if he had the ague; then a cold sweat broke out upon him; then his knees smote together. He staggered to the door, and managed to get into the tavern which was next to the post-office. There he "took su'thin'," which revived him to such a degree that he got home. When he entered his own house, his wife said, sharply:

"Why, Job Carter, what on airth's the matter with ye?"

"I ain't feelin' well, I ain't," said Job.

"No wonder," answered his wife. "I s'pose you've been a workin' at

them graves agin. No good will come on 't, I tell you, Job Carter."

"Taint that, wife. I think I'll feel better when I rest a little;" and Job lay down upon the lounge.

He fell into a doze, and finally slept soundly. By accident, the letters fell out of his pocket on the floor. Mrs. Carter very naturally picked them up, and seeing that they were new letters, opened and read them. They were from the three wives of the three men for whom the sexton had made three mounds and erected three tombstones. One of the writers said she had recovered from a fit of sickness, and would come on a certain day to visit the grave of her husband; and it happened to be the same day on which the lady first mentioned was coming. A second said she would be passing through the place in a few days, and would stop and plant some flowers upon her husband's grave; and the day fixed upon—fatal coincidence—happened to be the very one on which lady number one was coming. This was what made the sexton turn red and then pale. But the third letter was what made him turn blue and caused his knees to knock together. It was from lady number three, who wrote that she had concluded to disinter the body of her husband, and convey it to her home in Missouri,—and she, too, fixed upon the same fatal day. She closed with "Yours truly." "Yours truly!" shrieked Mrs. Carter as she read this. "Job Carter, I've found you out at last!" Job awoke, and instinctively felt for the letters. When he saw them in his wife's hands, he bounded up, snatched them from her, and started for the door. "Stop!" cried his wife, "I've a word to say in this matter! You villainous old wretch, I'll teach you to go and make graves for dead men, and then hold correspondence with their wives! Yours truly, indeed!"

Job slammed the door behind him and went to the barn, and thus escaped the volley of imprecations she hurled

after him. He had something of more importance to think of. There was a body to be dug up on a certain day, and the body was not there. He prayed for a medical college, in order that he might tell the lady that the body of her husband had been stolen for dissection; but there was no medical college within a hundred miles of the grave-yard.

A happy thought came to him, and that very evening he went quietly to the cemetery, and, creeping stealthily to the "strangers' corner," changed the tombstones; that is, he put the tombstone supposed to commemorate the husband of the lady who was coming to disinter the body, over the grave of the stranger, who was in reality buried there, and put the stranger's in its place. Then he hoped for her arrival in the early part of the day, and trusted to decomposition and decay to do the rest—for it was now several months since the railroad accident. It was not probable, moreover, that the lady would insist upon opening the coffin, in which case he would be secure from detection. It was no small trouble to him that all the women were coming on the same day; but he trusted that they would not arrive on the same train, and further, that he could prevent them from meeting at the graves.

Having thus fixed matters as well as circumstances would permit, he nervously awaited the day of their coming, which, it is no exaggeration to say, seemed to him next in importance to the Day of Judgment.

At length the day came on which those four bereaved women were to pay homage to the remains of their respective husbands. The sexton rose betimes that morning, and went over to the tavern and fortified himself with a dram. After breakfast he took another; and as he heard the whistle of the in-coming train, he took still another. He got to the depot just as the train was moving off. There, sure enough, on the platform was a tall

lady in black, with her veil drawn over her face.

The sexton sidled up to her, and said:

"Are you the lady that was coming to remove the remains of—

"I am," said a voice behind the veil. "I am the relict of the unfortunate E. Everett Smith, and have come to disinter his body; can you render me assistance?"

"Certainly, Madam, certainly. I am happy to be able to aid you on so melancholy an occasion."

"Can you proceed immediately?"

"Immediately," answered the sexton.

Having procured the aid of a couple of workmen, the sexton and the lady and the two men wended their way to the cemetery.

"Here is the grave of the departed Smith," said the sexton, pointing to that of the stranger who was buried there.

"Dig!" said the lady.

The three men fell to work, and it was not long before they struck the coffin.

"Oh!" groaned the lady in black.

"It won't hurt him," said the sexton, soothingly.

When the coffin was uncovered, and as they were raising it out of the ground, the train from the East came thundering up to the station.

"It is dreadful hot here," said the sexton, wiping the big drops of perspiration from his forehead, and casting a glance toward the train as it came to a halt. What a sight met his gaze! Three women in black stepped out of three different cars upon the platform, and looked toward the cemetery. The station-master pointed them to the path. In a few moments they took up their line of march, and reached the cemetery just as the sexton and the two men had got the coffin out of the grave.

"Are you the sexton?" asked one of the ladies, addressing him.

"I am," he replied with a shiver.

"You see before you," said the lady, "Mrs. Bellew, the unhappy relict of the late Mr. E. Bellew, who was a victim of the terrible railroad disaster. Can you tell me," she continued, sobbing, "where I can find his last resting-place?"

"Here," said the sexton, "is the Bellew tombstone."

"I am Mrs. Lafarge," said the second lady. "My husband, E. Lafarge, was killed in the late railroad accident. Can you tell where lie his mortal remains?"

"Here is the Lafarge tombstone," said the sexton, looking as white as a winding-sheet.

The third lady advanced, sobbing, and said:

"I am Mrs. Huntoon, widow of Eugene J. Huntoon, who was killed in the railroad disaster not long since."

"Here," said the shaking sexton, "is the Huntoon tombstone," as he pointed to the last one of the four.

As soon as each woman found her husband's supposed grave, she knelt upon it, and commenced moaning and sobbing, and swaying to and fro in the utmost anguish.

When the coffin was taken up, nothing would satisfy the veiled lady but that it must be opened, that she might look upon the "beloved form" of her husband. By the time the screws were loosened, the three women who had last arrived were kneeling upon the graves. The lid was thrown back, and the "beloved form" was exposed. The veiled lady gazed for an instant, and then gave one prolonged shriek, and cried, "It ain't him! It ain't him! Oh! Oh!"

"What, Madam!" cried the sexton; "it must be him; there's nobody else—it must be him!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" the veiled lady kept on shrieking. "My husband had hair on his head, and this man is bald—bald—bald!"

The three women who were kneeling on the graves had in the mean time got out the photographs of their hus-

bands, and were holding them up to their faces and kissing them, and calling them by the most endearing terms; and they happened to speak simultaneously as follows:

Lady No. 1 said, "Oh, my precious Eugene!"

Lady No. 2 said, "Oh, my darling Eugene!"

Lady No. 3 said, "Oh, my noble Eugene!"

Then they all asked, looking at each other:

"Was your husband's name Eugene?" And all answered "Yes."

"Perhaps," said one of them, "there is a resemblance between our dear husbands."

Then they drew their heads together to compare photographs. No sooner had they done so, than with one combined, concentrated shriek, they fell backwards upon the graves; and for the moment the only sound that rent the air was from the veiled lady, who moaned "Not him, not him! a bald head! a bald head!"

The sexton, more dead than alive, gathered up the three photographs which had fallen from the hands of the prostrate women. They proved to be from one lot, taken at the same establishment, and were photographs of the same man!

Months afterwards, in describing the scene, the sexton said: "I can

see 'em now,—those four women, three of 'em lyin' on the graves, and the fourth a weepin' over that bald head and cryin' 'It ain't him, it ain't him!'"

He ventured to furnish what may be a key to the extraordinary story. It appears that a villain who was travelling through the country tuning pianos and doing similar work that brought him into the society of ladies a great deal, had succeeded in marrying some half a dozen confiding women in various parts of the country. He was on board the train that was wrecked, but escaped unharmed. There were so many killed that he thought it would afford a good opportunity to get certain designated parts of himself rid of some of his wives. So he put among the killed the several *aliases* of Smith, Bellew, Lafarge, and Huntoon, under which he was known to the women respectively; and caused a paper containing a list of the killed to be sent to each one of them. Each saw the name under which he was known to her, and believed him to be dead. "Do you see how it happened?" asked the sexton, after mentioning these facts.

"I think I do; but what of the four women?"

"They're lookin' for the scoundrel with revolvers."

JOHN B. HOLMES.

TAMMANY AND PATRONAGE.

THE political situation has become chronically peculiar, and its novelties are so constantly novel as to weary the attention with the effect of sameness. The public mind is apparently in training for some new work; and, with the instinctive caution of a modern athlete, it takes much of its exercise in private. The usual registers of opinion, newspapers, public speeches, and chance-meeting conversation, but indifferently report the attitudes and meditations of the average American citizen out of office. We may, perhaps, safely set it down that this noble individual has not made up his mind on several matters of great concern, and that his most positive averments, on occasions of controversy, for example, are tentative rather than decisive.

Believers in laws of society may profitably study the politics of the year 1871 as an example of an apparent pause in forward movement coupled with rapid gyrations. A ticklish time for political managers, one might say; and yet none can be so well adapted to please the average politician. With a multitude of men in a state of morbid indecision, it is safe to be strong on either side; the self-disgusted voter is patient with any tin whistle that gives a certain sound. But on the other hand, the average voter (or let us say the three deciding voters in each school district), may make up his mind, or rather he certainly will reach his conclusion, and that conclusion may make the owner of tin whistles very and hopelessly unhappy.

The most striking feature of our political problem is its relation to two great rings, each of which controls a political party or is supposed by its enemies to do so. If it should hap-

pen to you to hear any good of the Democratic party, and to "guess" that it might be better and could not be worse under Democratic administration, your conscience, your neighbor or your newspaper will inform you that Democrat and Tammany are synonymous, that Tammany is a great political cancer with three festering protuberances—the Princes of Erie, the Government of the city of New York, and all the bright rascality of the Union. I confess that I never heard one good thing of Tammany or of any particular member of its motley congregation. Only one thing redeems its loathsome vulgarity, and that is the vigorous and thunderous abuse of Tammany by worse sinners than are whelped in its folds.

Tammany is not the whole of the Democratic party; but a suspicion has passed into belief that Tammany can control any possible Democratic administration. Of the probabilities in this matter many nice little sums might be constructed, taking the different candidates for the Democratic nomination and the opposing corps of politicians gathered in the interest of the aspirants. It is not worth our present while to solve any of these problems; the unpleasant load on the stomach of the balancing voters would remain after all our labor with these figures; and this is the burden, that it will always remain possible that Tammany may capture and run any President elected by the Democratic party *as now constituted*. To eliminate the danger, something more than three voters to a school district must be added to the Democratic party. It must command the hearty support and avail itself of the genius and ability of men who are daily read out of the Republican party and

still persist in preferring the administration to a Tammany one.

A sensitive Democrat may discover that I am euphuistically accusing his party of want of brains. That is exactly our political botheration. Here is a great party of glorious fame, having a following as loyal as The Old Guard, polling annually almost half the votes of the nation, and yet so pitifully wanting in every element of sound leadership that it cannot be trusted to administer an insolvent estate. It counts excellent men whom it distrusts, arrant rogues whom it follows, and some brilliant gentlemen with bees in their bonnets in the form of political whimsies who are adored by its loyal masses. So the papers tell us. But the most vascillating Republican shivers at the mention of Tammany, because no other mastering force is visible in the party to eyes that are without.

It is this want of head-piece that occasions the frightful neglect of opportunities which disgusts conservative Republicans and delights the radically radical supporters of the administration. No occasion was ever given to any party since the world began so full of opportunity as that upon which the Democratic Members of Congress recently put their heads together. "We want a wooden sidewalk," said Sidney Smith to the Chapter of St. Paul's; "let us put our heads together, and the thing is done." If we had wanted a sidewalk, the "address" issued by the national brain of the Democracy might have answered our turn, but it is a very small and weakly state paper.

I repeat that the Democratic party has ability in its ranks. There are three men in Chicago either of whom could have written an address equal to the emergency, and a half dozen members of Congress were conspicuously well qualified for the task. How, then, are we to account for the loss of a great opportunity? One is inclined to reason that the mastering

force is a brutal one, jealous of conspicuous talents and careful in their suppression. Just such a force is Tammany. The Democratic party has brains enough, but they are not in its head.

This is our plague: a political party without ideas of a definite and practical sort, without responsible leadership, without alertness to see our errors and elastic spring to economize them in the interest of its own success. Nearly one-half the voters must be counted out of any estimate of the dynamics of opinion; and even this is not the worst. We must fight a mock battle over dead issues year by year, and in killing the flies of last autumn waste the strength beneficently provided for slaying this year's wolves. Every question in which the people have an interest and a concernment is put off and still put off, because the great mindless beast has no opinions for which it will stake its life.

Who knows what the present Democratic party thinks about Revenue Reform, Civil Service Reform, Annexation Schemes, or centralization in the government? Has it a moral judgment worth three hours' purchase about the recent packing of the Supreme Court? It is very true that wise sayings on all these subjects abound in Democratic journals and Congressional speeches. The trouble is that one cannot perceive any solid background of conviction, any masterful and steadfast opinion, any uniting thought. Yes. There is one, "The people in power are as bad as bad can be, and we ought to be put in their places."

Government by means of parties is not an ideally perfect system; it has, however, some practical advantages. But whatever, and however great, these may be, they are lost in such an emergency as the present. If one party insists upon repeating Noah's flood, the other party will employ its time in patching the windows of heaven. Under such antediluvian

pre-occupations of the parties, the *government* will be conducted by forces lying beyond the vision and criticism of that sort of opinion which gets into ballot boxes.

Some gentlemen in various parts of the Union propose to induce, persuade or compel the Republican party to concentrate its energies upon the questions of modern politics. They are very worthy gentlemen, whose desires I share, but I read their resolutions with the grinning countenance of an average ring-master or office-holder before my unhappy eyes. His smile seems to say, "How will you help yourself? You can't vote for Tammany; you darn't stay at home. *We* shall do about as we please, and you will vote right when the time comes." For the purposes of opinions and principles there is not even one political party, because one of the two organizations for distributing offices seems to have abdicated all those functions which grind out ideas.

It is a direct fruit of this situation that the Republican party has become the property of a ring or a confederation of rings less vulgar than Tammany, but having the same sublime objective point of aspiration. What wants Tammany? Money. What wants the grand confederation of office-holders? They, also,—alas that it must be said!—want money.

This is no caucus rhetoric. The control of the action of the administration is vested in an organization, unorganized except by force of moral law, but all the more organized that this moral law happens to be the cohesive power of public plunder. This body holds an immense number of offices and consumes a deal of provender. Their functions are not always politically necessary; but when other advantages are not perceived, we can always credit them with a willingness to do our thinking for us.

Due exceptions being made—and

let it be once for all understood that due exceptions are herein made—the office-holder under the administration has none of the political doubts that disturb his Republican brethren. He is clear about San Domingo and enthusiastic against Sumner. It is enough for him that Motley parts his hair in the middle. Cox was an ambitious meddler; Wells was disturbing the unity of the party; Grant was a great general, therefore he is a great president. In fact, he sneezes whenever the excellent general-president takes snuff.

The office-holder would be only a pleasant bore, if he only held office; but he finds time to do a host of things besides, such as editing newspapers and holding caucuses. There is no law against his doing either of these things. But—but—how long is it since a hired advocate became a respectable political institution? A vague memory haunts us of a time when a newspaper conducted by an office-holder was called venal, and held to be worthless. How many Republican newspapers has the administration bought by appointing their editors to collectorships and post-offices?

The San Domingo business was a good example of the influence of office-holding on avowed opinions. It is not open to question that, apart from this influence, the whole scheme was simply preposterous. Laying aside all of Mr. Schurz's fine philosophy about wars and climates—a philosophy only temporarily true, but in this case not the less true—and putting aside too the immense strength of Mr. Sumner's exposure of the Presidential ignorance of international law, the bare suggestion that a people who have just made a desperate fight for their warm States and have just acquired a vast body of ignorant voters of African blood, a people agonizing still, according to the President's belief, with the problem of restoring order in the South, would

for one moment dream of plunging eight hundred miles into the tropics to purchase from a temporary master of a few hundred thousand lazy negroes and corrupt half-breeds, one half of one small island — the bare suggestion of this would have been considered, on its merits, too stupid to be even ridiculous. The incident will seem incredible to a historian in after times; but it is a truth worthy of our study, that this strange project was able after being formally rejected by the Senate to command a vote of Congress ordering an investigation of the merits of this Presidential estate in the tropics, that it was conducted at the expense of the lacerated hands of American industry, and was able to command a favorable report from men sufficiently respectable outside of their political relations. It is almost amazing to us that the cohesive power of office-holding was equal to the still stranger task of satisfying the vindictiveness of the President by removing Mr. Sumner from the head of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate; an answer suited to the temper of the age, to speeches supposed to have been made in secret sessions of the American Senate. The Ku Klux legislation has the same moral. Until the dispenser of patronage had spoken the decisive word, a majority of the members of one House were openly hostile to the policy of pacifying the South by force-bills. Worse still; members made speeches on the floor of the House in which they declared their faith that the disorders in the lately-rebellious States were less violent and numerous than before the war, and then proceeded to vote for the most astonishing "imperialism of liberty." No one needs to be told that in these cases a majority of votes could not have been secured by an empty-handed President. Every Congressman had friends holding office at the pleasure of the White House; and no slave-driver ever

handled a lash with so much vigor as the President puts into his use of the appointment whip.

Tammany and Patronage are masters of the situation. Each easily manages a political party; and there are no clear tokens that any formidable rebellion against either is organizing, though there is abundance of intelligent dissent in both parties.

It has not escaped notice that the logical goal of either organization is imperialism. Both desire to subject the Republic to the control of a single force wielded by a single will for the benefit of legions kept faithful by distributions of loot and largess. Both are rapidly learning how to reach this result under the forms of Democracy.

The two are so alike in every feature that one wonders how long they can be kept apart. Tammany and Patronage are twin children of the Democratic party, and all their ideas and motives have the same natural history and live by the same political dynamics. They were driven asunder by the patriotic movement of the people which culminated in the rebellion; they are kept asunder because the people are still using themselves as a wedge to split the double-headed corruption. The monsters seem rather to enjoy the situation. Each has a field for the ostentatious display of its virtue; standing in the market-place to be prostituted by all comers, each hides the lecherous sores under constitutional or patriotic plasters, and points with disdain to the deeper wounds of its companions in harlotry. Perhaps this moral show has been kept open long enough for edification, and it may be time for the people to take themselves from the midst and suffer the two to fall into each other's arms. United they could not poll half the votes of the nation; apart they poll all the votes.

Tammany and Patronage have a conscious interest in the popular division which they have effected, and their consciousness of the joke

played upon the nation occasionally peeps out at the corner of an ill-regulated mouth.

What do any of these gentlemen care for political principles? Vote salt up or down; it is only so much salt at so many cents, more or less, per bushel. The main question is to retain or get office, and office is so much money. "Young man," said a veteran of this army to a boy with symptoms of a conscience, "politics are worth just what you can make out of them in good money. Get rid of your delusions about principle."

The headquarters of political corruption are in the city of New York. Here Tammany levies black-mail on the commerce of the nation; here Patronage squanders on a half-dozen men the means of maintaining a million in comfort. Now, it is notorious that in New York Tammany and Patronage are scarcely distinguishable. Language has been called in to preserve a distinction without a difference, and makes its grim joke in the term Tammany Republicans.

Albany is a country-seat where both wings of the confederacy of corruption retire to play political sledge over the spoils of office—a term now extended to embrace the wealth of the people. At Albany, even language fails to mark any difference of political complexion. There has been no time during the last ten years when the loot would not muster the strongest battalion; no time when principle counted for anything in the "practical" legislation of the State. A ghastly comedy has been recently played under the name of Winans; but if anyone is deceived by the airs of virtue put on by the shameless associates whom Winans is said to have betrayed, that person must live a long way from Albany, and confine his reading to the newspapers that believe Patronage to be the final cause of politics.

If we transfer our observer to Washington, he will hear the godly

Harlan quoting John C. Calhoun to confound Charles Sumner; and equally virtuous servants of imperial Patronage amaze him by appeals to the fugitive slave law as a precedent for the Ku Klux bill. They are all reading from the same book, because the laws of social ethics confer sameness upon the devil's reasons for each particular kind of deviltry.

"But you do n't intend to say they mean to—to—" No, I do not intend to say they mean to do what they are doing. The most illustrious sufferer of all history forgave his murderers on the ground of an absence of moral intention equally wicked with their crime. "They know not what they do." No criminal or blunderer does know just what he is doing. Acquit these masters of yours of all blame except that of political indifference, of tampering, without other moral purpose than private gain, with the social well-being of forty millions of people and the brightest political hopes of all humanity. Acquit them of all sharp and clear perception even of this immoral purpose in themselves. You may do even the same by Tammany and the most purple of emperors.

When did we learn in politics to forgive men for complicities with evil purpose on the score of beauty of intention? Was it when we heaped odium on James Buchanan, though his manners were as mellow as the flavor of his favorite tippie? Was it when we hissed into obscurity the name of sweet-souled John Tyler? Did we dream of this excuse for Andrew Johnson, the greatest criminal of the age until Winans? "They mean well." Yes, mostly, perhaps; but there is somewhere enough ill-meaning to ruin the nation. The infantile innocence of the President when he speaks of freights paid to foreign vessels as so much money cast into the sea, may please us as a fine example of the freshness and guilelessness of childhood kept over into the rugged asperities of man-

hood; but we cannot afford to give a President the benefit of the act for the protection of infants from responsibility.

The head of the largest business, measured by dollars and cents, ever concentrated in a time of peace under one management, must know a little finance, and know too much of something else to invest his spare coin in the marble quarries of the Potomac.

Nor can we afford to carry gratitude too far. In politics this element seems to be absolutely imponderable. An Illinois Congressman served fourteen years on a wise cumulation of grateful feelings for his fidelity. In other cases, the labor of a lifetime is forgotten in an instant, when Fessenden, sitting as a judge, finds insufficient evidence against the greatest criminal of the age. It would be exceedingly strange if a really good general made a really good statesman. Washington is our only clear case; and it is worthy of note that he kept the two careers apart, and did not go to the orderlies of his military household for advice on the graver problems of state.

Perhaps it is best to trouble ourselves less with casuistry about intentions and homilies on gratitude, and consider more the import and outcome of those acts in which the administration records, if not its moral sense, at least its political sense and statesmanship. When in our history has Patronage been so dangerous, and when has it been more carelessly or corruptly used? Whether careless or corrupt, the result is the same—imperialism. You may tack on "liberty" or "equal rights," or both if you choose, the thing is not altered. The offices are used to control opinion, to centralize the thinking of the nation—or rather to put a stop to its thinking, and organize victory with spoils gathered by the most burdensome system of taxation known to history.

When before, even in the corrupt

times of the "slave oligarchy," was the Supreme Court packed, by adding judges whose views were known, in order to enable some wealthy corporation to pay their foreign creditors ninety cents to the dollar? and what recklessness can match the two enactments by which the President can hold the ballot boxes at his own election, and proclaim martial law over any local disturbance of the public peace in any State? Somebody, somewhere, must mean something by these assaults on the last bulwarks of our freedom. If nothing is meant, call home your simple-minded and give them a few lessons in American ideas. It will be easy to find justices of the peace in Illinois able to indoctrinate these gushing friends of liberty in some axioms about *liberty regulated by law*.

Many suggestions made herein would require explanation and limitation were this paper written for the instruction of a Chinese Mandarin. For example, no human work is ideally more honorable than holding office under laws by which he who gets the most votes is chosen, and he who has most merit is appointed, and when in each case the incumbent receives for his services a reasonable sum fixed by law. On the other hand, nothing can be more degrading than office-holding where merit is gauged by profession of opinions about Gratz Brown, San Domingo, or Charles Sumner, and when the incumbent receives a salary so huge that, though he may publish a newspaper, and may know that the item would be news greedily devoured, he dares not print a statement of his annual gains in the public service, or a list of the taxes levied upon him by what is facetiously called The Party.

When Mr. Everts asked a public meeting called in New York to consider the oppressions of Tammany, "What do you intend to do about it?" Tammany laughed out in meeting and

its victims laughed in sympathy at the excellence of the joke. Patronage has its complacent smile when Republican dissent asks itself what we are to do about it. If Patronage ever looks serious about it, the solemnity is provoked by a fear that enough of us may stay at home to allow the present occupants of federal seats opportunity to retire before another collection of occupants having the same noble views of public duty and the same exalted estimate of the objective case of the word Treasury. Some better result is possible, and even probable.

Patronage and the Republican party are identical terms only when by the latter we mean the Administration. The great mass of the voters are neither office-holders nor candidates for office. *The farmers* of the country, for example, act upon public matters with a praiseworthy disinterestedness, for the most part voting as a political duty after much study of the subjects supposed to be before them. Another great class must be excepted under the general term *the literary classes*, though it only vaguely describes a great body of thinkers, speakers and writers who usually vote the Republican ticket and contribute most, perhaps, to the formation of independent Republican opinion.

The effect of making these exceptions appears when you reflect that if the farmers and literary classes were on the other side they would render Tammany as respectable as Patronage contrives to be.

In other words, if you take away from the Administration the moral support of either of these classes, or if you divide them and give half of each to Tammany, the devil may take his pick of the two parties if he has wit enough to perceive any difference.

Now it is notorious that precisely in these two classes there is a growing discontent with Patronage and its ways. The partisan newspapers are kept rather busy reading out of the

party the thinkers and writers who express this dissent; but it is this very class that confer respectability upon the party in power. This is so true that if the leading men and papers in the country whom indignant Patronage has sent to the Democrats had actually obeyed the order and were now recognized members of the Tammany following, Patronage would have neither the votes nor the character necessary to a successful election.

The dissenters are expected to keep up the identity of the party of Patronage with the Republican party of 1866; to furnish the Administration with the repute of good intentions towards needful reforms; to present in 1872 the crushing argument that this or that reform is advocated *only* in the Republican party; to keep the deciding voters, the men who care nothing for party, much for principle, and grieve over party sins to the point of renouncing the duties of citizenship—to keep these men up to their work at the ballot-box; to muster and lead a necessary part of the legions who serve without pay and seek only public prosperity; to secure, in short, the success of the party of Patronage in 1872.

It is not too late to secure this result, that is to say, to prevent the accession of Tammany to the throne. The apparent need is that the party shall really take up and patiently complete some one at least of the reforms which are odious to Patronage. In short, put Patronage to the wall and seat Principle at the head of the table. No one can guess how the small number of men who hold the deciding votes may act if Morton's nomination of Grant or Morton's antediluvian platform shall prevail. Hoffman for Tammany; Grant for Patronage; who would win the race? Probably, Patronage; but the accidents of the season would really determine.

If, on the other hand, the Republican party can muster the courage to meet those mighty obligations imposed

upon it by its history and its present power, in the spirit of duty; if out of the discussions which, under the ban of the Administration, independent Republicans are fearlessly conducting, there should issue some moderate but decided resolves towards reform; if the party should acquire the courage to repeal its own legislation and rebuke the zeal of its own President for half-islands and prepared decisions of the Supreme Court, and then enter the lists with a great statesman carrying its standard, then the disinterested masses of the party would rally for a long campaign, and fight with the courage of 1856-1866 until Tammany and Patronage were put into a common grave. A great hope is still indulged that the reform movement of the next ten years may be carried on by the Republican party.

Unless pluck is quite gone out of our people, unless wisdom has clearly departed from our councils, we shall organize victory over corporations, monopolies, especial privileges, Patronage and Tammany, by some wiser means than those of recent years. To pit one ring against another, to support Patronage because it is less odious than Tammany, this is a child's game in politics, and we are not really playing it, though our mas-

ters are very anxious we should learn the beauties of the system.

There must be some bed-rock of principle on which to build reform. If I do not mistake the temper of my generation, we are seeking the everlasting foundations of social law with a purpose to build on the rock with the rock, "to the end that government of the people by the people and for the people may not perish from the earth." If a real democracy is possible, the basis of it cannot be far off from these principles: Limitation of government to the fewest possible functions; no taxation except for a few plainly public purposes; independent courts for redress of wrongs; all plain rights put beyond the reach of legislation; free voting at all elections; appointment to office for superior merit, competitively ascertained; and a full day's work for a full day's wages. These will answer reasonably well for a commencement. Now, gentlemen managers of the party, will you lead us to Reform? Keep the offices until we abolish three-fourths of them; but give us an occasional nibble at Principle, and some hope of a full meal by and by. Otherwise, somebody else will be bound to make this fight,

D. H. WHEELER.

SEA-SHELLS.

O DWELLERS in the deeps,
 Up from the caves of Ocean hither borne!
 Like to the soul that keeps
 Forevermore, though in a realm forlorn,
 All memories
 Of fore-known love and joy—ye sigh and mourn
 And wail for the unfathomable seas.

I low mine ear incline:
 Within your convolutions, sway and swash
 All voices of the brine;
 I hear on barren reefs the surges dash—
 The breakers roar;
 The homeless billows fret and foam and wash,
 And die far-off upon an alien shore.

And ye do more complain,
 When angry tides with wintry tempests toss,
 Of ill and wrong and pain;—
 Like heart new-sorrowed at some olden loss,
 Ye moan and sigh
 As ye were sore a wounded Albatross,
 Or ye would feign the Stormy Petrel's cry.

From Archipelagoes
 That lave the sands of Indra and the isles
 Of Palm, where nightly glows
 The sea with a translucent splendor—smiles
 In flash and foam
 On shores Australian,—over all the miles
 To ye come visions of a long-lost home,

Telling of all things fair:
 Of beauty blooming in the depths below;
 Of coral gardens rare
 Where sea-bells, sea-pinks, and sea-roses blow;
 Where twinkle fine
 The lamp-auricles; where sea-pens glow,
 And sea-anemones and star-fish shine;

Where to the floor of rock
 The limpet clings; where periwinkles hide
 From the rude billows' shock;
 Where pearly nautilus from prow of pride
 Strikes his frail oars,
 Or argonaut gay sails the tranquil tide,
 Or far below his painted shallop moors.

Down where the diver bold
 Takes his lone way, all gems of ocean are :
 What marvels yet untold ! —
 Cones, wattles, volutes, helmets, nerites, — rare
 Wonders of God's
 Sea - world ! — harps, tiaras, ear - shells fair,
 With all your kindred of the caverned floods.

There in your home with these
 Again to be, ye grieve incessantly ; —
 What deathless sympathies,
 Outreaching mortal pain ! what subtle tie,
 Unsundered, though
 The springs that feed the briny wells go dry,
 And mountains flee, and suns wax pale and go !

Though uninterpreted,
 What tongue of prophesy, what mystic tone ;
 What voice as from the dead ;
 What intimations of a world unknown —
 A rarer sphere
 Transcending all — the still uncharted zone
 That vain we seek, so far and yet so near !

Though all things fade apace —
 Do fade and fall — they pass not utterly ;
 Within your jasper vase
 There lingers still a tone, a mystery, —
 A something hides
 Of glory fled — of love that may not die :
 All Life that ever was somewhere abides.

O weary waiting soul !
 Thou art not in thy loneliness alone !
 Wherever seas do roll,
 Or suns do shine, or pilgrim winds do moan
 On desert sand,
 Some spirit wanders, yearning for its own,
 And unforgotten far - off fatherland !

O exiled from the sea,
 That homesick wander from your kin and clime !
 What am I more than ye ?
 Like ye, Life's foregone heritage sublime
 I wait and weep, —
 A polyp, fainting on the shores of Time,
 Vain longing for the illimitable deep !

B. HATHAWAY.

MY DUEL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"IT is false!"

The words had scarce left my lips, when he knocked me down. Springing to my feet, blinded with rage, I rushed at him. A dozen stout arms seized me and held me fast, while from all parts of the room arose the cry—

"Against the rules! Against the rules! Use only a gentleman's weapons!"

"I understand you, gentlemen," I replied; and bowing formally to my antagonist, added:

"You shall hear from me, Sir!" and turning upon my heel, left the club-room.

We had been companions and bosom friends in childhood—George Manly and myself,—and separating at sixteen, I to go to college and he to fill an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, did not meet again until, as a civil appointee, I joined the—th Infantry, in which he held a commission. For several years we served together on the frontier, renewing our ancient friendship, and differing only upon one subject—that of politics. His own views were conservative in the extreme, while mine were as extremely radical: and this antagonism often led us, in spite of our warm friendship, into heated political discussion, in the course of which we sometimes, as on the occasion which forms the opening of this story, lost sight of the proprieties and became more personal than our relationship justified. Our regiment had but lately been ordered into "the States," and we were at present quartered in comfortable barracks in a large city, where our life was one of luxury and pleasure compared to which the past years of Indian fighting and hardship upon the

plains was as a disagreeable dream. One of the results of this change of life was the formation of an officers' club, which held its meetings twice a week in an elegant suite of rooms in the city, which had been fitted up expressly for the purpose. These meetings were—I regret to record—the scene of rather more hilarity than comported with strictly puritanical rules of good behavior. Cards, dice, and the wine-cup were no strangers to our festive board, and, as a natural consequence, hasty words and angry discussion were not unusual. On this particular evening the conversation had taken a political turn, and Manly and myself, both of us heated with wine, were, as usual, pitted against each other. The debate waxing warm and passionate, soon degenerated into personality, resulting in the scene I have above described.

Early next morning I sent for my friend, Lieutenant Spitfire, placed in his hands a formal challenge to Manly, and commissioned him to make all arrangements without troubling me with the details. The challenge once dispatched, upon cooler reflection the absurdity of the whole affair became clearly manifest to my mind. A drunken broil, of which I was heartily ashamed, had not only subjected me to disgrace in the presence of my brother officers, but had also placed me in the position of a transgressor of the rules of the service and of the laws of my country, and armed my hand against the life of my dearest friend, in obedience to the dictates of a foolish and tyrannical, though none the less imperious, custom—to the laws of a falsely named "Code of Honor."

It was now, however, too late to recede. The customs of the service

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imperatively forbade me to decline the combat, under penalty of being driven from the service by the indignation and contempt of my brother officers. Nor, aside from such a result, had I the moral courage to withstand the scoffs and sneers, the public avoidings and private snubbings, which would fall to my lot in my intercourse with my comrades in arms. There was no help for it; fight I must, however against my own convictions of right, and the responsibility must lie at the door of the custom rather than at my own.

With such specious reasoning did I endeavor to quiet my conscience and shift from my shoulders the responsibility of thus throwing myself in the teeth of fate—running a tilt, as it were, with my own destiny and that of George Manly—as I sat, that evening, in my arm-chair before a blazing fire in my quarters, reflecting upon the events of yesterday and the probabilities of the morrow. The day had been a fatiguing one, employed in arranging all my affairs with a view to an untoward result of the coming contest, and in the midst of my reflections I fell into a doze, from which I was suddenly awakened by the entrance of my friend Spitfire, who, without speaking, carefully closed the door, drew a chair to the fire, sat down opposite me, and gazed steadily in my face.

"Well!" I exclaimed, somewhat impatient at his silence and matter-of-fact coolness—"have you arranged matters?"

"We have," he replied; adding, after a short pause, and in his usual cool and deliberate way, "You know the Regulations are so confoundedly hard on this kind of thing—'sending, bearing or accepting' a challenge—that an affair of this kind must be very adroitly managed to avoid resulting in a mere 'flash in the pan.' Fighting by daylight, openly and above-board, is 'played out' long ago in the army, and an 'affair of honor'

has come to be a devilish sneaking affair at best, unless a man is willing to throw his commission in the fire before he begins. If anything serious should come of this," he continued, musingly, "it will raise hob generally with the whole crowd of us."

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant Spitfire, for having unwittingly involved you in so great hazard," I replied, sarcastically. "I have thought so little of the danger of the principals as to have entirely forgotten that of the seconds. But now that you remind me of it, I will at once relieve you from your unpleasant position, and in the morning will endeavor to procure the services of some one of my civilian friends who has no commission to lose."

"Come! come!" he answered, rising and laying his hand on my shoulder, "do n't go off half-cocked! Do n't suppose I have any hesitation in going out with you, or that I esteem it anything but an honor and an evidence of the highest appreciation and the warmest affection to be selected as your friend at such a time. I did but mention these facts to account to you for the strangeness of our arrangements. Everything is fixed. The place is on the river bank, just beyond the city limits; the weapons, pistols at ten paces; the time, ten o'clock this very night. You will fight by torch-light."

"The devil!" was my response. "You named it rightly when you called it a 'sneaking' affair! A strange kind of 'honor' this, which vindicates itself for an open insult in broad daylight by a sneaking fight in the dark!"

"Never mind! the only consolation is that it can't be helped. A good thing it is for you, though, old fellow," he added, jocularly, "for George has a vast advantage over you with the pistol, which will not avail him under these circumstances, and so your chances will be equal."

Unwilling to contend—however un-

pleasant the thought of vindicating my honor by smiting like a thief in the dark—I yielded the point, and just as the clock struck nine, we departed together for the place of meeting.

A better night could not well have been selected for our purpose. There was no moon, and the thick black clouds so obscured the stars as to wrap the earth in a mantle of almost Egyptian darkness, in the friendly embrace of which we could in a moment have eluded the most experienced detective in the city behind us, had our footsteps been "shadowed." No sound broke the silence as we strode along, save the rush and gurgle and splash of the river flowing far below us at the foot of the precipitous bluff along which we took our way. Altogether the scene was as weird as our errand, and well calculated to provoke the wildest flights of imaginative thought, had not our minds been too fully pre-occupied with thoughts of the scene which we were so rapidly approaching, and too much under the influence of a strong excitement to take note of any of the lesser circumstances which surrounded us.

Our opponents were awaiting us on the ground, striding impatiently backward and forward on the river bank, and looking like ghosts in the glare of the flaming torches which they carried. The preparations were soon made, the ground measured, and we were placed in position, each of us holding in the left hand a huge torch which threw a blaze of light over the whole figure, while the right grasped the pistol. As I stood thus awaiting the word, my gaze fixed upon the erect and stalwart form of my boyhood's friend, all the years of our old-time association and friendship flashed out upon memory's canvas, as the events of a whole lifetime are said to pass in a single instant through the mind of a drowning man. Every trivial incident of our childhood and youth seemed to rise up in its order

before me and reproach me with this present as an ill-requital for the years of friendship and love and kindly offices of the days gone by. Nay, more—the ghosts of all the past seemed to dance in the flames of the torch he bore, pointing at me with their long skinny fingers, and writing in letters of fire on the black night air the word, "*Murderer!*"

All this must have passed through my brain in an instant of time, for I was aroused from these reflections by the words: "Gentlemen, are you ready?—*Fire!*" Slowly and mechanically—almost involuntarily, and with a thousand wierd and ghastly shapes still flitting before my eyes,—I raised my pistol and fired. There was but one report, both pistols exploding simultaneously. I stood unharmed, but fixed with a nameless dread in my tracks. My adversary's torch had fallen to the ground, extinguished in its downward flight; and where but an instant before was a blaze of light, now all was darkness, and only the dim outline of a tall figure could be faintly discerned stretched upon the ground. After a short pause, during which the whole party were clustered whispering about the prostrate form, Spitfire came to my side and whispered in my ear:

"Your bullet reached his heart!"

Waiting to hear no more, I hurled both pistol and torch with all my strength into the black waters of the river before me, and turned and fled—fled from the avenging Nemesis which I felt must evermore haunt my footsteps through life, and from the accusing voices which now filled the air, screeching in my ear that awful cry of "*Murder!*" Little knowing or caring whither I went, I strode swiftly along the road which led to the barracks, past the scattered lights of the suburbs and the clustering fires of the city, and again in the fields beyond.

I know not how long I wandered about in the black night, in a more

than maniac dream,—a prey to the most terrible emotion, crazed with the most agonizing frenzy of remorse, and anon threading in imaginations, maze after maze of intertwining and constantly returning avenues lit by the flames of hell itself; constantly returning, through all my mad career, to the one great central horror—to the prostrate form and the stream of blood upon the grass sparkling with ruby brilliancy in the ruddy glare of the torches; sights which I knew must henceforth haunt my visions, sleeping or waking, through all the weary hours of life. Doubtless the time was but short, yet it comprehended an age.

Coming at last to a sense of my surroundings, I found myself standing beside the gate of a cottage whose clustering shrubbery and low vine-clad porch, lit up by the bright light from the parlor windows, I knew too well. It was the quarters of George Manly—a temporary home which he had rented for the abode of himself and his little family, just without the garrison grounds. An irresistible something within me impelled me to lift the latch, creep along beneath the shrubbery and place myself before the lighted window. A glance revealed to me a peaceful and happy scene—peaceful and happy to those within, but ah! how harrowing to the unseen gazer without! A bright fire was burning in the open grate. In her comfortable arm-chair in the chimney-corner sat George's aged and widowed mother, gazing reflectively into the fire, while she nimbly plied her knitting-needles which were shaping a stocking for a baby's foot. At a round table in the centre of the room, busy with her sewing, sat the young wife—as beautiful as when I had known her, a gay young girl in my native town, yet wearing a matronly dignity which the years had brought upon her and which sat well upon her tall and graceful figure. Opposite her, and bending over her

drawing, sat his sister—a young lady of some twenty years, whose features bore the unmistakable impress of a lofty soul, a cultivated mind, and of a firmness and decision of character beyond her years.

Seated side by side upon the rug, in their snowy night-clothes, warming their chubby toes before the fire, were the two children—one a bright, handsome boy of five, the other a dark-eyed, flaxen-haired girl of three. At another time the picture would have been a beautiful one to me; but not now, when I thought of the grief and heart-ache and almost despair which the work of my hand would soon bring upon them all—of the turning of this bright scene into one of darkness and of wailing. Groaning in agony, I would have turned and fled far away from the torturing sight, though not from the torturing thoughts, had not some strange power—some hidden fascination—held me rooted to the spot.

"Come, children," the mother said at last, breaking a long silence,—and every word she spoke was distinctly audible to me even through the closed window,—“it is long past your bed-time, and grandma is waiting to put you to bed.”

"But, mamma," pleaded little George, looking up earnestly from a thoughtful contemplation of the row of tiny toes before him, "you promised us we might sit up till papa comes home! you know he promised to bring me the new humming-top I have wanted so long; and if I go to bed without seeing it I know I sha n't sleep a wink."

"Madge ain't doin' to bed yit!" chimed in the little one, shaking her flaxen curls,—“Madge doin' to wait for papa!—did n't tised papa dood night yit!”

"Let them wait for their papa, Mary," said the old lady, looking up from her reverie; "he cannot certainly be much longer away."

There was a troubled look upon

the young wife's face, as she arose, laid aside her work, came to the window and gazed earnestly out into the darkness. I drew back within the shrubbery so as to be concealed from her view, while yet I could see and hear all that passed within.

"I wonder what can keep George!" she said at last, as she returned to her seat. "It is not often that he leaves us in the evening; and I know this is not his night for guard-duty at the garrison."

"Something important, you may be sure," said the sister, quietly, looking up from her sketch, "or he would not desert the chimney-nook he loves so well."

"Yes, I know it must be something important," was the answer, as the wife bent again over her work, "and I know that I ought not to worry about him to-night, especially since his absence from our circle is so rare an occurrence; yet for some days past I have been haunted with a foreboding of evil which makes me extremely nervous when George is out of my sight. I know it is foolish, but I cannot help it."

"Mary, why don't you persuade George to resign and settle down? You would both of you be so much happier in a home of your own, freed from all the annoyances, monotonous routine and uncertainties of army life," said the sister, with a searching and earnest glance full into the eyes of her sister-in-law.

"Have I not always entreated him to do so?" replied the wife; adding in the weariest of tones, "Oh, I am so tired of this weary, profitless army life, dragging about, bag, baggage, and children, from Dan to Beer Sheba, without a spot on the whole broad earth that we can call home; constantly moving at the beck and bidding of others; ordered a thousand miles away just as we have got comfortably established and have gathered around us, with infinite trouble, those little comforts of life that we cannot carry

with us; to-day in peril of our lives from the Indians, and to-morrow from the yellow fever on the sea-coast. Oh, I have so looked forward to a comfortable, peaceful home of our own, somewhere here in the States, with George established in some permanent business, accountable only to himself and freed from the restraint of those hateful 'orders' and 'regulations!' And now, just as I had succeeded in extracting from him a promise to resign this year, here is this terrible prospect of a civil war coming to interfere with all my plans again and destroy all my hopes, at least for the present. For, as he says, after being educated at the country's expense, it would be dishonorable in him to desert her when his services are most needed. It is too bad! too bad!"

Every word she spoke was an arrow in my heart, listening there beneath the shrubbery, and knowing the ruin and desolation which I had brought upon her, all unconscious as she then was; and feeling myself the destroyer of all those hopes, longings and aspirations, which had been her stay through all the weary years, and above all, the desolater of those tender and loving hearts throughout the remainder of their lives on earth. Then only did I feel the full force of the crime I had committed.

Aroused from these thoughts by the sound of slow and heavy footsteps upon the gravel walk approaching the porch, I knew that they were bringing home the body of the husband, brother, father, and son. A strange fascination rooted me to the spot, with my gaze still riveted upon the occupants of the apartment. Upon the porch they paused—the door was opened, and a single hesitating tread resounded in the hall. Little George sprang to his feet with a shout—

"Here comes papa with my top!"

"Papa tomin'!" screamed little

Madge, scrambling to her feet and tottering towards the door.

"It is not his step," said the wife, rising to her feet and gazing anxiously at the door. It opened slowly, and Spitfire entered, pale and haggard, with a look of dire intelligence on his features. He tried to speak, but the words seemed to stick in his throat.

"Lieutenant Spitfire,"—she spoke with forced calmness,—“what has happened? you came from my husband?”

"Your husband, Mrs. Manly, is— is— has met with an accident, and— I fear—" words failed him, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a child.

Slowly they entered with their burden, crossed the floor, laid it tenderly on the lounge, and retired.

"My son! my son! my only boy!" "My brother! oh, my brother!" came from the lips of the mother and sister, as they hastened to the couch where he lay.

Speechless and tearless, yet with a countenance as pale as death, the wife drew near, knelt by his side, and murmuring—"George! oh, George!" laid her head upon his breast, and remained motionless.

Little George, frightened and silent, stood still by the fire where he had first risen to his feet: while the baby voice of little Madge broke the silence, as she crept to her father's side—

"Papa sleep? Wake up papa, wake up, an' tiss Madge dood night!" Then she laid her curly head beside his raven locks on the pillow, and passed one of her chubby arms about his neck.

The spell which bound me was broken, and I turned and fled, with the mark of Cain burning like fire on my brow, and the curse of the murderer scorching my heart as with a red-hot iron. Out into the street, through the town again, with a fiercer Nemesis than before urging my footsteps, I flew rather than ran, till I reached the railroad station. The night train was just starting from the

platform. Purposeless, save to put wide distance between me and that spot of horror, I sprang upon the car and was soon rushing far beyond the light of the city into the black night, and into a far blacker night of the soul.

Day followed day, and I was still urging my flight. I saw my name posted in the newspapers as dismissed from the army; but little I cared for that disgrace, for a far deeper and more ineradicable one was upon me. A horror had taken possession of my soul, for which there was no slumber, and from which there was no rest henceforth and forever. Reaching the sea-coast, I embarked for foreign lands, praying, all through the long and dreary voyage, that the hungry billows which raged around me might swallow up the life which had become a torment, but which I dared not take with my own hands. Month after month I fled from one land to another, haunted by the apparitions of the prostrate, murdered form; of the heart-broken wife, with her face of tearless grief and horror; of the mother and the sister, bereaved of their earthly stay; of the orphaned boy, and of poor little Madge encircling her dead father's neck with her chubby arm and bidding "good-night" to him whose cold lips could never again return the familiar greeting or imprint the good-night kiss upon the baby brow.

What to me was the justification of the blow he had given me? How little a thing was that to weigh against the life I had taken! There was no consolation in the thought of honor vindicated—no justification in the imperative demands of the "gentlemanly" code. It was from sights and sounds and thoughts such as these that I fled, and fled in vain. Swifter than my flight was the track of these blood-hounds of remorse, and at every pause in my journeyings they stood before me in the gate through

which I must pass, and bayed a horrible welcome.

At last, convinced that there was no escape from these hauntings but in death, the fiend of suicide began to whisper his insidious suggestions in my ear: at first to be rejected with shuddering dismay; then, as familiarity robbed them of half their horrors, to be listened to more and more, as the far-off echoes of future possibilities; and finally to be accepted and welcomed as the soothing lullaby of possible repose and peace.

And so, at last, the grave, divested of all its terror, became to my diseased imagination but the entrance into rest, at whose portal all the gloom and torment, the fears, the self-torturings and the utter weariness of my present should be laid aside and left behind as a cast-off garment—the couch around which should flow the peaceful waters of Lethe, and above which hovered the lotus-eater's dreams of repose.

And thus it was that I found myself sitting by the table in a small apartment in a far-off land, with my loaded revolver lying before me, thinking over all my past and taking leave of all the bright scenes of my boyhood and youth and the dark and bitter ones of my later manhood. From babyhood up I traced the golden line of my life, and my heart relented from its bitter purpose as I reviewed all the brightness and happiness of those halcyon years. Then as my retrospection advanced to the one dark spot of my existence, and retraced the past few months of suffering and mental anguish, my purpose again became fixed; and, fearful lest I should again relent and return to my life of torment, I grasped the pistol, placed the muzzle to my temple, and pulled the trigger. There was a deafening report, a stunning blow, and——

I opened my eyes and found myself again in my old quarters at the garri-

son, stretched upon the floor beside my arm-chair in which I had been sleeping and from which I had fallen, to the disruption of my terrible nightmare dream. The coals were dead in the grate, and the light of morning was streaming in at the window. I had slept all night in my chair before the fire, and, suddenly awakened by the slamming of the door as my friend Spitfire had unceremoniously entered, and which sound I had mistaken in my dream for the report of my suicidal pistol, I had started from my seat and had fallen headlong upon the floor, to Spitfire's great amazement.

An explanation on my part ensued, after which he informed me that the arrangements for the duel had been completed, and that it was to take place on the following morning, at sunrise, in a secluded spot beyond the garrison grounds.

"Never! never! never!" I exclaimed with energy; "I have fought that duel in my dreams, and lived an age of damnable torment thereafter! my dream has taught me a lesson, and opened to me such a view of life, and of so-called 'satisfaction' for offended honor, as I have never had before, and shall not forget to my dying day. I shall fight no duel, be the consequences what they may!"

"Tom; you are crazy!" was Spitfire's reply. "Think what a shameful and ridiculous position you will place yourself in, with your brother officers! Have you measured the consequences to your own reputation, and to your future associations with the regiment, of refusing to fight upon your own challenge, and after receiving so open an insult?"

"Leave all that to me," I answered quietly; "let the arrangements stand as you have made them, and breathe no word of this matter to any living soul. I will see you again this evening, and will then either convince you of the correctness of my position, or give you my pledge to accompany you to the place of meeting in the morning."

With this I dismissed him — not at all pleased, as I could plainly see, with the turn affairs had taken.

All the long hours of that day I remained secluded in my quarters, engaged in the severest mental struggle of my life. Although fully determined never to raise my hand against the life of him who had been my friend, yet it was by no means easy to reconcile myself to the position in which my refusal to fight must necessarily place me. For the contumely of the outside world, I cared nothing. Since entering the army, I had held myself so entirely aloof from the world of civil life, and devoted myself so wholly to the study of my new profession and to the associations of army life, that the opinions of civilians were of little consequence to me; nor would the imputation of cowardice sit well upon me, whose courage had been severely tested on many a well-fought field. On the other hand, to the scoffs and the sneers of my brother officers I was equally indifferent, as a merely personal matter; yet the open slight and public contempt to which I should doubtless be subjected at the hands of my comrades in arms, would compel me, *volens volens*, to resent all such ill treatment, and protect myself from insult; and thus, I should not only be placed in a position of constant antagonism, but should be involved in continual quarrels even worse than the one which was the cause of all my trouble, and which could only result in driving me out of the service by rendering my position in the regiment one of such constant annoyance as to be utterly unendurable. Again, however correct I might feel my position to be, in an ethical point of view, it nevertheless was, and must continue to be, plainly at war with that self-pride, *esprit de corps*, and prejudice of custom and long association, of which I could not fully divest myself. In a word, pride urged me forward to the contest, in which moral principle and the feelings

aroused by my dream positively forbade me to engage.

And now how best to reconcile all these antagonistic views, and to cut the Gordian knot in a manner consistent with self-respect, and at the same time with the least sacrifice of pride, was the question which for hours I debated with myself. There seemed but two avenues of escape from my uncomfortable position. The first and most obvious was to go upon the field and receive Manly's fire without returning it. This plan I at once rejected: first, because it would place Manly in a position as the only active party to the duel, which my own position as the challenger would not justify, and hence would be both ungenerous and unmanly on my part; secondly, because the act would be on my part a confession of moral weakness — of my own inability to withstand the voice of public sentiment, even when acting according to my own views of right; and lastly, because to fight, even though it were only in seeming, would be both to sanction a code which I now abhorred, and to acknowledge myself its slave.

The other course, upon which, after a severe struggle with pride, I finally resolved, was to go at once to Manly, acknowledge my error in provoking the quarrel, state plainly my determination, with all the reasons which led to it, and leave the settlement of the whole difficulty with him.

It was towards evening when I called upon him at his quarters. He received me with reserve, somewhat tintured with haughtiness, and was evidently not a little surprised at the visit, so near the appointed time of our hostile meeting, and so directly opposed to the etiquette of the code, which allowed no communication between the principals except through the medium of the seconds. I at once relieved his embarrassment by entering upon the object of my call.

"George Manly," said I, "I have

come to acknowledge to you my error in provoking you by insulting words to violence last night, and to announce to you my determination not to meet you to-morrow, according to arrangement, unless, after hearing my reasons for so unusual a step, you should still desire it—in which case the consequences, be they what they may, will be upon your own head."

I then proceeded to detail the circumstances of my strange dream, the train of thought to which they gave rise, and my own struggle of that day. Tears came to his eyes at the mention of his wife and children; and at the close he seized my hand and wrung it warmly, and then turned upon his heel, and for some moments paced the room in silence. Turning toward me at length he spoke:

"Tom Archer, you have acted nobly this day, and shown your superiority over me in moral courage as well as in true nobleness of heart. Your conduct makes me ashamed of myself. After all, you were not so much to blame as I, for I needlessly irritated you in the discussion, and provoked you to the expression which I was then bound to resent. Our quarrel was one of school-boys rather than of men. I fully appreciate all the difficulties of your present position, and will make amends for my hasty and inconsiderate conduct by providing a way out of them after which we must both of us take care never again to peril our ancient friendship in so foolish a manner. Leave me now, but come here again at eight o'clock this evening. I have a plan in my head, which I think will set all things right."

Well pleased at this agreeable termination of my dreaded call, and at the restoration of the olden feelings of amity, I left him and returned to my quarters.

At the appointed hour I again repaired to the cottage, the parlors of

which I found brilliantly lighted. Manly himself answered my ring at the door, and at once ushered me into the parlor, where I was surprised to find assembled, besides the members of his family, the seconds in the duel which was not to be, and those other officers of the regiment who had witnessed our unlucky fracas. All were seated in a circle before the glowing grate, the male members of the company evidently under considerable restraint, as wondering at the unusual and apparently ill-timed gathering, being wholly ignorant of the turn affairs had taken.

"Gentlemen!" said George, after seating me in their midst, "Captain Archer and myself have arranged our little difficulty, and have concluded, for the best of reasons, to defer indefinitely our pleasure excursion of to-morrow morning. In a word, we have both of us backed square down, and propose to be accountable for our extraordinary conduct only to each other."

A dead silence ensued, during which the utmost wonder was displayed upon all countenances. Gradually the silence was broken by the low hum of conversation, all parties striving by discourse upon indifferent topics to break up the restraint and embarrassment which had settled upon all. George himself, in conjunction with his wife and sister, was particularly active in endeavors to place the company at ease; and soon the sound of merry jest and laughter proclaimed the forgetfulness of all unpleasantness and embarrassment, and enjoyment took the place of reserve.

"By the way, Tom!" said George, at length, carelessly, yet in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of all, and just at a time when the merriment was at its height, "suppose you relate, for the amusement of the company, that wonderful dream of yours which you were telling me this afternoon!"

At once I took the cue, and, nothing

loth to second his intentions, complied, relating all the incidents of my dream, up to the moment of my awakening by Spitfire's sudden entrance. All were visibly affected by the narration, and at the close there were few dry eyes in the room.

"Well, gentlemen," said Manly, at the conclusion of my tale, "we leave the decision with you. What say you? Shall we fight this duel or not?"

"Never!" shouted old Major Carter, springing to his feet. "This thing called duelling is a curse to the service. It is no test either of honor or of personal courage among men who are every day called upon to exercise both qualities in a much more legitimate way. Henceforth I for one shall set my face against the custom."

"And I!" "And I!" was the hearty response from all but Spitfire.

"Well, Tom!" said the latter, when all the others had thus expressed themselves, "you and your dreams have played hob with the 'gentlemanly code,' and knocked the bottom out of 'pistols and coffee for two' in this regiment for all time to come. 'Othello's occupation's gone.' My services will never again be required in the capacity of a second; and as none of you will fight, I can of course never act the rôle of a principal—so I must succumb."

"Comrades!" said George, in a

grave tone, "civil war is upon us, and, if I mistake not, before it is over we shall all of us have to face bullets enough in the field, without turning the muzzles of our pistols upon each other. Shoulder to shoulder let us fight the enemies of the flag, Tom," he added, taking my hand; "and when the war is over, if we are fortunate enough to return, I trust our friendship, as well as that of all the officers of this regiment, will be the more firmly cemented by the dangers through which we have passed together—as well as yours and mine by the memory of this, our first and last quarrel."

The good feeling was perfectly restored. The question had been put in its true light, and I saw at once that all the annoyances and disagreeablenesses of the future, which I had so much dreaded, were happily avoided.

A few days later we were ordered into active service, from which there was no respite until the war was over. And through all the trials and triumphs of those dismal but glorious four years, George Manly and I fought side by side, sworn brothers to the end, coming out unscathed and with our friendship cemented as well by the memory of the dangers and hardships we had borne together as by that of the duel which did not take place.

EGBERT PHELPS.

A UTE DAY AT DENVER.

I HAD been a month in Colorado without seeing an Indian, and was beginning to fear that I should have few opportunities for studying Ute characteristics. Dick, to whom I communicated my doubts, advised me, with a grimace, to give myself no uneasiness on that score, as my curiosity would be more than surfeited in a day or two. The Ute branch of

the Lo family, he said, were coming to lobby the governor on that North Park business. There had been a fight between the Cheyennes and Utes in North Park, and some miners, who had remained neutral, refusing to aid the friendly Utes against the hostile Cheyennes, had been afterward murdered, and the Utes were suspected of the outrage. The gover-

nor was conducting an examination into the facts of the case, pending which a delegation of Ute chiefs and braves (Dick said cowards) were coming to town to show a Cheyenne scalp they had taken (their only trophy of the late fight), to dance their scalp dance under the governor's windows, and so to demonstrate their love and loyalty to their pale-faced brethren.

The next morning, as we sat breakfasting at Charprot's, on F street, there broke forth on a sudden the most barbaric "yawping" my poor ears were ever saluted with. I had for a moment forgotten my friends the Utes, and stopping my ears, asked Dick to tell me, for the love of harmony, what occasioned that infernal din.

"Volunteer choir practising a new anthem," said the satirical Dick; "or a Ute scalp song—do n't know which."

My opportunity had come at last. I rushed out with I scarce know what romantic visions of Uncas, Hardheart, and Indian chivalry, and found myself face to face with reality in the shape of the noble red man of the year of grace 1871. Shade of Fennimore Cooper, what an imagination hadst thou dwelling in the flesh!

Nearly a hundred Utes, counting squaws and papooses, had formed in procession at Larimer street, and were marching down F street to the governor's office. They were headed by an old chief with a countenance like a nightmare, who bore aloft on a pole the scalp.

The old savage squatted gracefully on his *broncho*, a spirited animal that curvetted and caracoled like a general's charger on parade. He had two pairs of blankets hitched about his hips, and wore one moccasin and one army shoe. A blue coat, with one sleeve and one shoulder-strap, partly concealed his belt, in which hung the inevitable pair of navy re-

volvers. On the back of his head was stuck a battered plug hat that, but for his ears, would have extinguished him altogether; and for a hat band he wore an old pair of brass-bowed green goggles, which Dick suggested were to aid his mental vision, since his cunning old eyes evidently required no such help. A large silver medal, gift of his great white father at Washington, shone conspicuous on his breast, and, next to the goggles, was his pride and glory. Mere mention of the rings, beads, buttons, old oyster cans, etc., that adorned the person of this candidate for Christian civilization, would be more tedious than the catalogue of the ships; and so I will leave that to the reader's imagination, only reminding him to aid that faculty by recalling Twain's hero, who had "more busted china clinging to him than an Indian princess."

The rest of the procession were similarly, though not so elaborately, attired. They were well mounted, hideously painted, and all giving tongue like a pack of cayotes. It was a strange scene, this irruption of barbarism into that busy little city, that for order, thrift and cleanliness would be a credit to the East; strange to me, but the residents are accustomed to the incongruity, and scarce notice their savage visitors, save to avoid personal contact for fear of vermin. The procession soon reached the governor's office, where they formed a ring and executed the scalp dance to the accompaniment of a drum, which added not a little to the din. The venerable scalp over which all this fuss was made, the old residents say has done duty on similar occasions for years, and no doubt for years to come will be conclusive evidence of the perennial valor and fidelity of the Utes. This important ceremony over, they dispersed through the town, to swap, beg, and steal, three accomplishments in which they are unexcelled.

A Ute on foot hardly furnishes a graceful *pose* for a sculptor. His natural gait is a lazy slouch; he holds his blanket around the hips so that the ends flap against his heels, and it is only by frequent hitchings that he keeps it from tripping him as he walks. He is a poor pedestrian; he walks as if he wanted somebody to carry him. Nothing, unless it were the promise of a good meal, could induce him to go a mile afoot. But fortunately nature has provided for him. If you see a Ute, you may look for a pony within a few rods. And if the good dame should by chance have overlooked one of her lazy sons, you may be sure he would rouse up energy enough to steal one before night, or, rather, before morning.

A hundred or two of these vagrants dispersed through the town gives quite a motley appearance to the streets. They saunter into the shops to trade, an operation carried on somewhat in the following style:

Ute.—How?

Shopkeeper.—How?

Ute (displaying a buckskin).—Swap!

Shopk.—How much?

Ute.—(Holds up two fingers.)

Shopk.—Two dollars?

Ute.—(Nods.)

Shopk.—No *bueno*.

Ute.—(Lowers a finger.)

Shopk.—No *bueno* (with disgust.)

Ute (sees a melon).—Watermelon! Swap! leetle one!

The shopkeeper hands over a

wretched, half-ripe melon, and takes buckskin enough to buy half a dozen. For the Ute has a passion for water-melons. There is nothing he will not "swap" for one rather than go without. Buckskin, bears' claws, wampum, bows, arrows, squaw, papoose, anything but his pony and navy revolver. Without these a Ute would n't be a Ute. So far, the shopkeeper seems to have the advantage, but five minutes later re-enter Ute, squaw, and papoose.

Ute.—Squaw hungry! papoose hungry! (rubbing his stomach with expressive gesture.) Big Injun heap hungry!

The shopkeeper, whose conscience pricks him a little about the melon, throws them something to eat, which disappears like magic. A Ute has the appetite of a wolf. It is perfectly insatiable. The renowned Captain Dugald Dalgetty, when provisioning for a three days siege, was abstemious in comparison.

His rage of thirst and hunger appeased, the shopkeeper must look out for him, for if he do n't steal back his buckskin, and something not in the bargain, he's an unlucky Indian. Now is the time for the melon man to cry "vamosé!"

About sundown, the Utes go into camp, a few miles away on the Platte, and perhaps are not seen again for weeks. And Denver, unvexed by their presence, forgets almost that she is a frontier city.

JOSEPH B. MCCONNELL.

ONCE AND AGAIN.

PLEASANT sunshine, and a breeze that brought the growing odors of the country within the confines of the city, greeted Agnes Fields as she passed out of the great entrance door of one of the public schools of San Francisco. It came to her with such a sudden sense of possible enjoyment, that it seemed almost like intoxication—scarcely a seemly word, you will think, to apply to a weary, sad, and withal a decorous, school-teacher; but it was that sense of unreasoning exhilaration that must find some sort of an external demonstration. The bird in its cage, hanging outside of the windows opposite, expressed it all in some astonishingly shrill notes improvised for this especial occasion.

There might be something pleasanter to do, Agnes Fields thought, than to merge herself into the crowd which thronged the streets, and thus wend her way home, as she usually did. And beyond and through this feeling, was the picture of home—not a pleasant one, and the idea of going back to it was more than ever repellant this afternoon. She was living with her cousin, Mrs. Crosby, who was duly absorbed in the care of her children and her household duties. In compensation for giving Agnes the necessary respectability of tone in society, by belonging to somebody, this good woman made her the objective point of a continual murmur of fault-finding. When she had left home in the morning, Mrs. Crosby was threatening a headache,—partly, Agnes had reason to believe, owing to some refractoriness in the arrangement of her back-hair. But if the headache should continue, Agnes knew that it would be a peculiar dispensation, capable of creating serious do-

mestic revolutions; and felt that she ought to be at home to seize Maud and Jimmy on their return from school, and make them prisoners in her own room.

It seemed, however, that all nature was this afternoon conspiring to get undue influence over a thoroughly drilled and well-regulated mind. In the first place, it was an unusual thing to find her freedom and the sunshine simultaneously. Usually at that time the wind was either blowing fiercely or the fog was drifting through the streets of the city. But to-day there was an ideal spring atmosphere, and the smooth green hills beyond the city etched themselves against a clear sunny sky.

There is a moral which comes to us, as such things used to come, in a pleasant disguise. This one is of a domestic drama connected with black pudding. From this story there is a satisfactory conclusion deduced—as everyone will remember—that people only want just what they have. Everybody knows, however, that as specious as this reasoning may appear, there is an individual case in which the conclusion is incorrect. If the Fairy had appeared before Agnes, she would have had an instinctive answer ready for the perplexing question, "What do you wish?" and would have demanded an immediate transportation to the country. Not that she had already formed the wish; it was only latent, for the Fairy had not yet come to her. In fact, she was walking along much as usual, when the Fairy *did* meet her suddenly, coming around the corner of one of the streets. I do n't mean to say that it was in the resplendent guise of olden times,—quite on the contrary, it had

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all of the modern ugly practicality about it. It was only a street-car, red in color, and which, besides other useful information, bore the legend in black letters, "To the Mission." It seems absurd to connect even such threadbare sentiment with a street-car; but why not? It would take her to the country—just where she wanted to go—and Rinaldo's winged-horse could do no more.

The country which is accessible by the means of a street-car from the city, has but limited rural attractions. But Agnes Fields had n't the world to choose from. Some of us can only go up and down and round about our narrow limits; but our joys and sorrows find us out as surely as if we journeyed around the world in search of them. The difference only lies in some people. There are those to whom things never happen: they are the modern Alexanders, who sigh for new worlds; while the most of us find our hands and hearts full with the affairs of this old one. To Agnes, things always happened. As Mrs. Crosby used to remark, "Agnes had been singularly led." This good lady was accustomed to saying, in that tone of mild defiance which testified to the superior stanchness of her belief, that she "did n't know what other people might call it, but *she* called it a clear case of Providence." Providence, according to Mrs. Crosby, was recklessly indifferent to the affairs of mankind in general in order to lavish all of the spoils which might accrue from their broken fortunes on one particular object. And she was accustomed to use her cousin as a convenient illustration of her favorite doctrine. When making a morning call at Mrs. Crosby's, I have often heard the story as a corollary to some opinion in regard to the affairs of church or state. In telling the story, Mrs. Crosby was painfully accurate about dates; and where I can only give the bare outline, she filled the picture in with careful details of the

color and fashion of the dresses worn on various occasions, and with irrelevant interludes drawn from her own contemporaneous domestic history. I remember the story very well, for I was always interested in Agnes' beauty and gentle manners, and amused to see how little either counted for in society, where the essential thing was to be stylish.

With the present story, however, the history which Mrs. Crosby told has but little to do. It is enough to remember that she was early left an orphan, and adopted by an uncle whose property she inherited. Through some of the chances of speculation, this fortune was lost; and at the age of twenty she was left to depend entirely upon her own efforts for a livelihood. Just at that time, her cousin invited her to come to San Francisco; and she, thinking naturally that any place must be better than the one where she was then struggling, accepted the invitation. Mrs. Crosby was accustomed to conclude, with edifying humility, that "Since then, she had never known what it was to want a home, although it was not what she had been accustomed to." She did not say, however, how many things had been exacted for the meager stipend of food and shelter and name of home, until Agnes had asserted her present half-way independence.

The present story has more to do with that romantic episode at which Mrs. Crosby used to hint (although she was fidelity itself, and never *told* it except as in exceptional confidence). Very unexpectedly, this unromantic ride was helping Agnes to take up the links of her old-love story where she had left it a good many years ago. Things always "happened" to her, partly, I suppose, because she had a kindly interest in everything which occurred. From the car-window she watched the pretty suburban residences; the very houses themselves seemed to have an air of elegant leis-

ure in the midst of trimly-kept grass plats and shrubberies. The Chinamen, whose white linen aprons gleamed out from amid the greenness, threw streams of water from hose-pipes over the somewhat dusty foliage, with an air of melancholy resignation and pathetic devotion to the business in hand,—so curiously merging themselves in their occupation, that they seemed to lose any individual identity which it is only fair to suppose they possessed.

Presently, when they had reached a part of the route so thinly populated that the duties of both driver and conductor were performed by one person, the car was stopped by an old lady. She hobbled along quite briskly and cheerfully, with an expression on her face as if apologizing for having kept any one waiting. In her hurry to enter the car, her foot became entangled in her dress, and she fell, before Agnes, who had sprung forward, could reach her.

"You see what it is to be old!" she panted, asthmatically, as Agnes assisted her to rise. "No, I am not hurt," she continued, in reply to her anxious inquiries. "But just look at my cloak, child? I believe it has got dreadfully soiled!"

She had seated herself by Agnes, and was rubbing the dust softly from her black cloak as she spoke; and Agnes obediently wiped her shoulders.

"You see," the old lady went on loquaciously, "I value the cloak because there is a little sentiment about it. That's out of fashion, now, like the cloak and myself. My husband was with me when I bought it in Paris a good many years ago. I always say velvet is velvet after all; and if anything is only handsome, it does not make much difference about the fashion."

Agnes smiled back a reply, for the old lady's happy self-complacency was contagious, and it did not seem worth while to inform her that texture was entirely superseded by style.

The old lady chatted away pleasantly for a few moments, and then Agnes watched the black velvet safely off the car. Looking up, she saw through the vista of the street before her the belfry of the old Mission Church, that somewhat famous relic of the early Spanish civilization. The afternoon sunlight was falling softly about it; the green hills rose in the background, treeless but swelling into knobby prominences, and here and there their smooth greenness broken by a haze of purple or yellow flowers.

It is the pleasantest thing in the world to be able to give ourselves so entirely to outside influences—whether our journeys be long or short—that we may wander off into a pleasant by-way without feeling the necessity of accomplishing any distinct purpose. The old church was such a by-way to Agnes this afternoon; and she walked toward it between the straggling houses, while the car kept on its way to the country.

Near the church, there were groups of old *adobe* houses with red-tiled roofs and deep windows, in which geraniums and fuschias were growing; and dusky eyes of Spanish matrons and children were peering out curiously between them. From the church extended a row of houses even more dilapidated than the rest. One of these was the Padre's house; and the Padre himself, in black clerical-looking clothes, was out upon a wooden balcony which was filled with flowers growing in pots,—probably seeking relaxation from the arduous spiritual guidance of his flock, in training the flowers. The church had been at one time very much damaged by an earthquake, and since then had been repaired and renewed. The dingy white walls had a dim newness and smoothness contrasting oddly enough with the dilapidated surroundings. The inner doors of the church were closed; but through a small circular bit of glass in the centre, Agnes saw the altar, resplendent with

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candlesticks and hung round with pictures, and the gorgeously decorated ceiling above it. Then, opening a small wicket-gate, she passed into the narrow churchyard adjoining. The pathway through the centre was narrow and overgrown, and throughout the churchyard there was the strangest mingling of remembrance and neglect. There were no tokens of care evinced by trimly respectable borders and hedges. But on many of the graves were glass cases, containing treasures which had probably been prized by the departed. There were slippers and bits of ribbons and toys and bright-colored shells; most of the articles bore the marks of long use, and many of them were so dilapidated that sportive spirits, one would think, might have been clamorous for new playthings. Some of the boxes were broken, but there was none from which anything seemed to have been removed. Such flowers as had been planted among the graves, grew in rude luxuriance.

On one of the graves, a sad-eyed woman was just placing a bunch of fresh flowers; and wreaths of immortelles were suspended from many of the crosses. With the woman were two young girls, who were curiously inspecting the inscriptions upon the crosses. The elder of the girls looked intently at Agnes as she approached, and whispered something to her companion, of which the only audible words were, "I am sure it is."

"One of my affectionate pupils," thought Agnes, "and I shall probably offend their respectable parent by neglecting them." She walked serenely on, rather enjoying the opportunity of being impolite, and with a firm resolution not to be bored. She was entirely successful, and gained such complete seclusion that she hardly enjoyed it. She would have spoken to the children when she came back, but they had gone to a distant part of the yard. As she walked along, she wondered who they were,

and somehow the charm of the afternoon was broken by her own ungraciousness, and she was again the weary school-teacher hurrying home.

In a few moments her attention was attracted by a group of children gathered around a door-step. As she came nearer she saw that her late travelling companion was the cause of the excitement. She nodded to Agnes, and told the children to run away, for the young lady had come to fetch her home.

"You see, my dear," she continued, appropriating Agnes' arm, "I was more hurt than I thought for, and I'm afraid to walk alone. My friends don't live here, either, I find. I don't know that they ever did—I am so forgetful."

Agnes suggested sending for a carriage; but the old lady very decidedly objected to this as foolish extravagance. She took Agnes' arm and hobbled away almost as briskly as if nothing had happened.

Just before they reached the car, the two children whom Agnes had already seen came running up, out of breath, and exclaiming:

"Why, Mrs. Barrows, where have you been, and what is the matter?"

"On a wild goose chase," replied the old lady a little pettishly; "an unlucky journey from beginning to end, you may depend on *that*, young people. And," she continued with a querulous laugh, "you may just tell your mother that when Sarah Barrows attempts to find her again, it will be when she has learned a little more wisdom than nature seems to have endowed her with."

"But we don't live here at all, Auntie Barrows!" said the younger of the children.

Mrs. Barrows said she had found that out, but she had thought they did, which was all the same.

Then there were messages to send to the children's mother and other members of the family, at which the children laughed heartily, not so

much at their purport as at Mrs. Barrows' mock austerity. From time to time the elder girl had looked keenly at Agnes, and Agnes had satisfied herself that she was not one of her pupils. But her face haunted her with an odd suggestion of belonging to her life in some way, although she had lost the connection.

Mrs. Barrows still requested the aid of Agnes' arm as they left the car, and as they walked along she talked of the young girls they had just left. "They are the Bryanstons; very nice people; we became acquainted with them two years ago, when we were East. I've only just returned. I have been away from the city for five years, and everything has changed so." The old lady stopped, and looked around her with great satisfaction. "Why, when I used to live here, there was n't a house in this part of the city."

If she had been less interested in her own conversation, she might have noticed her companion's agitation when she mentioned "the Bryanstons." But she was content with having found a good listener, and talked on with great loquacity:

"The Bryanstons are spending a year in California. I have heard where they live time and again, but I do n't remember things very well."

By this time they had reached Mrs. Barrows' home. It was a large house, bristling with excrescences of bay-windows, and surrounded by pleasant-looking gardens. During the latter part of the walk, Mrs. Barrows had limped heavily, and had even acknowledged that she could n't go much farther.

As they stopped for a moment by the gate, a young lady on horseback rode up beside them.

"Why, what has happened, grandma?" said she, with an expression of astonishment.

"You'd better ask!" replied Mrs. Barrows with that ready sarcasm which implies intimate domestic relations.

"You know, Josephine, that I'm not fit to be trusted alone, and I do n't know what would have become of me if I had n't fallen into the hands of this good Samaritan."

Josephine raised a pair of quick black eyes, and took a rapid survey of Agnes. "A school-teacher probably, and it will be like grandma to make a *protégé* of her," was the unerring judgment. She was confirmed in this latter opinion when Mrs. Barrows introduced "My grand-daughter, Josephine Barrows," to Miss Fields, and promised Agnes, who had refused to come in, that she should see or hear from her in a few days.

That evening, when Agnes had told Mrs. Crosby of her afternoon adventure, Mrs. Crosby asserted that it was the most imprudent thing that she had ever heard of. "She might have been an impostor; a great many old ladies are impostors, and this city is such a dreadful place." And the picture which Mrs. Crosby drew of what *might* have happened was really very dreadful.

"But the impostors would n't succeed so well if now and then such things did n't really happen," Agnes answered.

Mrs. Crosby remarked that she had always considered it an unfortunate thing to have such hair and eyes and complexion as Agnes had; it exposed her to so many dangers.

"She knows the Bryanstons; I saw Floy," said Agnes, abruptly, as one is apt to say things they have meditated over and hope to say either effectively or indifferently, as the case may be.

"Well," replied Mrs. Crosby, looking up keenly.

"That is all. I did not even know Floy until Mrs. Barrows told me who she was."

Agnes' face was flushed painfully, and she knew that the homily which her cousin read her was deserved, because she was foolish enough to mention the subject. Perhaps she

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had wished to assure herself that she could speak of all the associations connected with that name with indifference. But the old hopes and feelings came back to her with as fresh a reality as if she had not planted violets and lilies over their graves for years.

When Agnes Fields was nineteen, she had spent a summer with Mrs. Bryanston, and had there met Mrs. Bryanston's brother, Henry Moore. The young people had loved each other, and had their quarrels and reconciliations, and were altogether exceedingly happy for a few months. But it happened that Henry Moore was also an object of worship from another quarter. Ever since his infancy, his mother had offered up incense at his shrine, and had demanded, and usually received, implicit obedience as a reward for her sacrifices and devotion. Unfortunately for these young people, she had other and very decided views for Henry. She wrote to her son, setting forth these views very explicitly; and, couching her commands in the form of a last request, she quoted the Holy Writ quite recklessly in threatening all sorts of evils to him as well as herself should he refuse to comply. The young man was annoyed by the letter, and puzzled to know how to reconcile his mother to his own determination. For the old lady was really so infirm that the doctors had prohibited all excitement. He attempted to explain this to Agnes, and no doubt did it awkwardly. Unfortunately, she had just heard of the loss of her own property, and her pride took alarm. He had no doubt heard of it too, she thought, and this was but a subterfuge. With this misunderstanding, the quarrel grew; and they each said many things that, with their hot young blood, they felt it would be impossible to forgive.

Alas for fidelity and that love which the fond youth, placing his hand on his most excellent broadcloth, swears

is stronger than death! It were far better that love should be of such a texture that it might withstand the demands which life makes upon it. Within a year Henry had married the lady whom his mother had chosen for him, and Agnes was teaching school in San Francisco.

This accidental meeting with her old favorite, Floy Bryanston, had naturally aroused the old memories; for she had purposely dropped all communication with the family, although she had long ago cried "*Mea culpa*" over her story—no doubt thereby satisfying the instinctive womanly need of self-sacrifice.

A few days after the little adventure already recorded, Josephine Barrows called and left a message for Agnes.

"Grandma would be happy to have Miss Fields take lunch with her on Saturday. She must be sure to bring her work and stay all day. Grandma's own words," added Miss Barrows, laughing; "*I* do n't suppose Miss Fields ever does anything of the sort."

Mrs. Barrows was greatly pleased with Agnes. She was a physiognomist, she said, and read all sorts of delightful things in the face of her *protégé*, and Agnes was of course pleased to be made much of—as who of us is not? It is so delightful to meet some discerning person, to recognize the good qualities of which no one but yourself has before been aware.

On the next Saturday, she was again to spend the day with Mrs. Barrows. This time she delighted the old lady by bringing a piece of fine hemming. It made her feel young again, she declared, to see a young lady thus employed. Girls now-a-days acquired idle habits, and did n't know what to do with themselves. She had heard Josephine declare herself almost dead with *ennui* because the day happened to be rainy and there was no new novel in the house.

While this harangue was going on,

Josephine sat by, deftly arranging the plumes in her hat.

"There, grandma, what do you think of that?" she asked, triumphantly, as she held it up completed.

"That is very pretty — really very nice, and pleases me much better than if you had paid ten dollars for it at a milliner's," answered Mrs. Barrows, who had her own peculiar views on the subject of economy, and never lost an occasion of impressing them upon any member of her family — at that time composed of only her granddaughter and grandson. "These are only flighty things," continued Mrs. Barrows, "and I know that was inspired by the ride you are to have this afternoon. By the way," she added, turning to Agnes, "the Bryanstons tell me they used to know you."

"Yes," replied Agnes, "a long time ago. I had quite forgotten Floy; she used to be a great pet of mine," she continued hurriedly, wondering how much of her story the old lady knew.

"Mrs. Bryanston's brother has just come on. He is a good-looking young widower. You girls will have to be pulling caps for him," and Mrs. Barrows laughed at her own humor.

Josephine was angry with her grandma for saying such things; but the old lady continued saying such things as old ladies will say, to their own infinite enjoyment. Having known what it was to be young herself, who could have a better right to talk on such subjects if she cared to? Mrs. Barrows continued to quiz Josephine, who blushed in a pretty half-conscious way. Agnes noticed that, in the midst of her own agitation; and thought with a pang how bright and fresh she was.

Just then the door-bell rang, and gentlemen's voices were heard in the hall. Josephine set the new hat jauntily over her crimps and puffs, and went into the next room to meet them. Through the open door, Agnes saw Josephine's brother Victor, and another face which brought the

blood for an instant to her face, only to leave it perfectly pale. She felt Mrs. Barrows nudging her side with her elbow, and saw her kind face smiling through an indistinct distance; and through what seemed to be the rushing of many waters, somebody was saying to her, "Young folks will be young folks, my dear. You see why the bird was pluming itself this morning."

The blood came slowly back to Agnes' cheeks and lips, and when Henry Moore entered the room she greeted him with such conventionalities as she might have spoken to any acquaintance at a chance meeting. Henry said he was glad to meet her; his sister had told him that she would probably be there. There was a shade of embarrassment in his voice, and he seemed glad to answer Josephine's call. She was standing in a bay-window, and wanted him to come and look at her horse, which was just being led from the stable. There was a passion-vine trained over the archways of the window, which dropped its tendrils over delicate lace curtains. Looking at the two standing in the window beyond, this seemed like a suggestion of the barrier which sometimes shuts out the rest of the world from young people: impalpable enough for everybody to see through, but sometimes affording an ostrich-like kind of security to the actors.

Agnes turned away quickly from the picture to speak to Victor Barrows, who had seated himself by her side. He was saying to her, "So you used to know Moore? Splendid fellow, isn't he? We met him when we were East. We were at his sister's a good deal, and he has been living with her ever since his wife died. Queer match that was! Did you ever hear about it?"

Agnes answered evasively that she had heard nothing of the family for a long time.

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dential way, and threw his head back against the crimson cushions, where his black curls contrasted very elegantly. Having thus disposed of himself, he continued:

"The match was made by Moore's mother, I believe, who was a jolly old soul who would have things her own way or go to war about it. The lady was not only a good deal the oldest, but Moore was at the time desperately in love with some one else. But the old lady had her own way, and very likely the other was only a boyish fancy. And it's my opinion that the girl who catches him"—Victor complacently expressed the modern idea in the conventional way—"will be just as likely as anyone to have his first love. Do n't you think so, Miss Fields?"

"Yes, quite as likely. But the grand passion, I should think, was a chronic disease with Mr. Moore." Agnes spoke sharply, and looked very handsome, her cheeks were so red and her eyes so bright.

"I do n't know about that," Victor returned, quite innocently. "The reason I do n't think much of that early affair is because he seems to have forgotten about it himself. I have asked him purposely all about his life as a young man, and he is n't a bit more reserved about that than anything else. He would n't have talked about such a thing, of course; but he would have alluded to it, you know, if he thought about it at all." Victor was nineteen; he had made mankind his study, and was a profound philosopher.

"Moore just got in the city yesterday. I went over to see him this morning, and got him to ride with Jo this afternoon. I could n't go with her as I had promised, and I knew there would be an awful row unless I made this arrangement. No doubt she feels it to be a great cross to be deprived of her brother's society!" continued the young gentleman, looking at Agnes knowingly.

Just then the luncheon-bell rang, putting an end to these confidences.

It had been arranged that Agnes was to stay and accompany the family to the theatre in the evening; and she had a weary hour or two by herself in the library during the afternoon. Mrs. Barrows was taking her *siesta*, and Josephine had not yet returned from her ride. It is doubtful, however, whether society would have made the hours pass less heavily; for it was one of those supreme moments of a life-time, when one's heart refuses to be put aside. She had forgiven Henry his early marriage. It is true, she still thought of him sometimes as her hero; but only vaguely, as of what might have been. She busied herself mostly with the joys and sorrows she found everywhere, and found her life a busy one without realizing any of the hopes she had dreamed of. But they all came back clamorously now, asserting their rights; and she could not forgive him for prancing away with Josephine Barrows at his side. He looked well, and happy too, she thought; and, like many a poor woman before and since, she could have stifled her own heart for darning to ache for so unworthy an object.

Presently, through the confused noise of the street, she heard their horses stopping in front of the door, and then heard their voices in the hall. They stopped for a moment, and were laughing merrily. The sound was musical enough, for it suggested the picture of bright eyes and graceful forms, and rung out full of youthful hope and ambition. Mrs. Barrows, up-stairs, said it did her good to hear the young folks; but Agnes went out into the garden to escape from it.

In the garden the wind was blowing drearily through the heavy foliage of the acacias, and the fog swept across it in great gusts. All the flowers were blooming with a cheerful luxuriance, as if the sun had been at its brightest. But they made the

garden look only the more dismal. It had a sort of inappropriate brightness, like wedding favors and gala-day costumes at a funeral. Agnes paced up and down the walk beneath the acacia trees at the end of the garden, not much heeding the dismal sky above or the glowing flowers about her. She paced steadily up and down the path with firm steps, as if *something* was being trodden out beneath her feet; and for ten minutes forgot her horror of doing anything queer, and the duty she owed society of being conventional. Then as she turned to enter the house, she was startled to meet Henry Moore face to face.

"Mrs. Barrows sent you the shawl," he said.

Agnes' eyes were full of tears, and she could n't trust her voice. So what could Henry do but to wrap the shawl about her? He put her hand under his arm at the same time, and for a few moments they paced the walk in silence. Silence was indeed golden to these two young people. All the years that they had been separated vanished magically, and it was the old times again. But silence can only play its part, although it seemed already to answer for volumes of explanations.

It was perhaps owing to this fact that Henry Moore hardly made the fine speech he ought to have made under the circumstances; and only asked Agnes if she had n't a word of welcome for him.

Agnes said that she had thought him so well satisfied with his reception that he would not care for what she might say. Of course she was glad to see him—very glad.

Her hand did n't tremble now, and her voice was steady. She knew as well as you and I do what was coming, and she could afford to wait.

"But I do care, Agnes. I came here only to see you. I have never forgotten the old times, and had hoped and prayed that you had n't. I have

dreamed of meeting you, and lived what I hoped the meeting would be over and over again, and when you—"

"Oh Henry!" interrupted Agnes, with a happy little sob.

I believe the sentence was never finished. But there were lengthy explanations to follow; for Agnes pointed to the windows presently, from which the gas-lights were twinkling. Some one came to the window a moment afterward. It was a woman's form, and she shaded her eyes with her hand and looked out into the dusky garden. She turned away, dropping the heavy curtain behind her.

When the lovers entered the room, they found Josephine seated close to the glowing fire.

"How damp you are! really chilled through! Do come to the fire and get warm!" she exclaimed to Agnes. "Mr. Moore is an old campaigner, and never knows anything about the weather. When we were East I used always to expect him in the midst of a rain-storm, as I did the thunder and lightning, or any other natural accompaniment."

She continued, however, to manifest a tender solicitude for Agnes. "It must be so annoying for you to have a cold, you have to talk so much to to your pupils."

That evening after they had returned from the theatre, Mrs. Barrows imparted what she thought to be very keen surmises to Josephine, and remarked in conclusion that "young folks will be young folks."

"Really, grandma, you seem to be so well convinced of that, that perhaps you could tell me when folks cease to be *young* folks?"

The old lady answered her granddaughter very quietly:

"The heart never grows old, my dear."

It is quite probable that she would have continued, and apostrophized a dingy portrait which decorated the

wall, if Josephine had n't just then turned pettishly to her brother.

"You need not look at me in that way, Victor. I never thought Mr. Moore's attentions meant anything, and no one was hurt, I hope, if I chose to amuse myself. And it's really delightful that this Miss Fields, that grandma picked up literally out of the street, should turn out to be the heroine of a romance. Novel-writers' occupation would be gone if we could happen on such romances as this by ourselves. It will be a grand thing for Miss Fields to leave her school-house for Mr. Moore's fine establishment. It is a pity, though, that she has the ideas and manners of a school-marm."

So it is safe to conclude that Josephine was also happy, since she could pity Agnes.

A story-teller's vocation ought certainly to end when two heroines are made happy. But a great happiness is so royally attended by happiness of lesser degree that one feels tempted to take a fresh page for the record which shall be marred by no sorrows. In writing such a page, one would employ the subjunctive mood, future tense, and find no limit to the subject. But there were one or two little events which followed naturally after what had already happened, and which gave Agnes much pleasure. Mrs. Bryanston came with Floy, and was most cordial and kind. Mrs. Crosby's little parlor really seemed to shine with her guest's splendor and graciousness, and while she talked to Mrs. Crosby about those never-failing subjects of interest—the charming climate, the beautiful flowers, and those wonderful green peas and fresh strawberries which keep us in a perpetual state of wonder and admiration by appearing on our table in reckless disregard of the season, while these remarks were being made, which Mrs. Crosby of course received as a personal compliment, Agnes was having a quiet talk about the old times with Floy.

"I knew you in a moment, Miss Agnes, that day I saw you at the old church. That was Angelica with us; she lives in a funny little house behind our garden. She plays the guitar sometimes and sings. We'll hear her some day when you come to the house. Gracie says it's like going to the opera. That is because she do n't understand it, you know." And Miss Floy laughed heartily at her little sister's criticism.

"Do you remember the walks we used to have by the Hudson, Floy?" said Agnes.

"Indeed I do, and I remember I used only to get one finger; but I believe Uncle Henry was better treated—I do, really!" said Floy, when Agnes shook her head at her and said she was a naughty girl.

"Do you know," she continued, "that we did n't expect to see Uncle Henry out here? He always said he was so busy that he could n't leave home. I told him the very first thing that I had seen you. I heard him tell mamma that he knew you were here, and that he had come to find you. Was n't it fortunate—my seeing you with Mrs. Barrows? and is n't she a nice old lady?" Indeed, both Mrs. Barrows and Miss Floy were convinced that it was entirely owing to them that the happy meeting was brought about.

There was wind and fog one afternoon as a little party stopped beneath the arched doorway of one of the city churches. The hills beyond looked dim and dreary, and the waters of the bay caught the cold gray reflections of the sky. There were carriages waiting, and the horses stood with commendable patience while the last good-byes were being said. It was a somewhat tearful occasion, as Henry Moore was about to take his bride home with him, and she was probably saying farewell for the last time to most of these kind friends. But the last words had been spoken, and they were about to enter one of the

carriages, when a street-car came rattling by.

"For the sake of old associations," said Agnes, looking up into her husband's face; and to the dismay of their fashionable friends, the newly married couple rode off in the street-car instead of the carriage. Even Mrs. Bryanston was vexed; but

Josephine Barrows laughed, and said *she* was not surprised at such over-strained sentiment. Only old Mrs. Barrows and Floy Bryanston were secretly pleased, and the old lady confided to Floy her intention of bequeathing her velvet cloak to Agnes, as she alone knew the charm of old associations.

HILDA ROSEVELT.

LEAVES FROM A REPORTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME NOTABLE PUBLIC MEN.

MANY years have passed away, and many changes have occurred, since I made my first reportorial effort. Railroads were in their infancy then; they had not even been recognized as the "coming" high-ways of the nations. The telegraph was a thing of the future; and the old stage-coach was our reliance for the latest news. The "packet" of the canal was looked upon as a wonder of speed. Steamboats, it is true, where they were available, "annihilated time and space" a little more effectually; but what were they compared to the electric messengers of the present? A new book, save a speller or simple reader, was a rare thing indeed; and a magazine, in this country at least, was scarcely dreamed of. People and business enterprises jogged along in a quiet, unassuming way; and, out of the great cities, a man worth twenty-five thousand dollars was regarded as a wealthy nabob. It was the "day of small things" in all benevolent, educational, and religious movements.

My first effort at reporting was rather an ambitious one—being no less than an attempt to "take down" a speech from the greatest of American orators, Daniel Webster. I was but a boy then; but the impression which those great cavernous eyes and that crag-

like brow of his made upon me always remained. The occasion was the launching of a steamboat which was to receive his name, and the speech but a brief one. I saw it a few days since in a collection of "Webster's Speeches," just as I reported it. It was away back, nearly half a century ago; but that comprehensive mind, with prophetic vision, took in the future greatness of the West—of the vast commerce of the Lakes, and of the cities that should dwell upon their shores. Raising his right arm with a graceful sweep, he pointed westward. "I see," said he, "cities rising upon the Western shores of the most distant of these great Lakes, which shall rival those of the Atlantic in the extent of their commerce and their population. I see agricultural communities stretching far away to the base of the Rocky Mountains and toward the British Possessions of the north." And in this way he drew a picture of the West of to-day, concluding this part of his speech by saying: "I may pass away before all this shall come; but the youngest of you present to-day will live to see as a reality that which to me is a dim prophetic vision—a dream of the future possibilities of our country."

Subsequently, when reporting had

grown into somewhat of a business with me, I "phonographed" several other speeches of Mr. Webster. He was the easiest speaker to follow that I ever reported. He was deliberate in his utterance—distinct and emphatic; and there was a continuity of thought and argument running through the whole of one of his speeches which rendered it easy to hold within the grasp of the memory. He used but few illustrations, and these simple and elegant; but went straight forward towards his objective points in the most direct manner possible. The speaker who nearest resembles him in cast of mind and in the workings of his thoughts, is O. H. Brownson. I found, therefore, that, next to him, Mr. Brownson was the easiest to report. I remember particularly one speech of Mr. Webster, during the somewhat exciting times of the Tyler administration, which I reported, and which occupied two hours in the delivery. He was speaking upon important questions which were then agitating the country, and it was desirable that he should go before the public saying just what he intended. On submitting my manuscript to him he made but four amendments, and these merely verbal—substituting some word other than the one I had used, the better to express his meaning. It was an open air meeting, and such was the attraction of his eloquence that the crowd stood for at least an hour in a drenching rain, scarcely diminished in numbers—the speaker and reporters being covered by a tent which had been raised upon the platform. Gerritt Smith resembles Mr. Webster strongly in his intellectual "make up," and I have always been very successful in reporting him. He falls below the great model in compactness and massiveness of thought, and in completeness of argument; but his mental idiosyncracies are of the same general character. Silas Wright had also a Websterian cast of mind, but with a different tempera-

ment; and that unfortunate habit which was the bane of both affected him seriously during the later years of his life. I could report him with great ease, but not so perfectly as I could Mr. Webster.

On two occasions I attempted to report Henry Clay. One was a reception speech, the other on political topics. He spoke quite rapidly, illustrated considerably, and used more of the ornamental Latin words than of the strong and incisive Anglo-Saxon. His style partook largely of the imaginative; but on great questions he would blend it with the argumentative in a wonderful manner, and herein consisted much of the charm of his oratory. The same remarks, with some exceptions, will also apply to John J. Crittenden. The general style of the two was fashioned after the same model, and possessed the essential attributes of eloquence—the power of pleasing and moving the masses. The reporting of their speeches was comparatively easy, though they would come out from under my hands shorn of some of their luxuriant foliage and flowering.

About one of the oddest specimens I ever got hold of was John C. Spencer. His was one of the ablest minds of the country; but it was peculiarly constituted. I do not know that I can describe it after the lapse of so long a period of time, but I remember very well that I was sorely puzzled in attempting to report him in an important law case. In this branch, however, at that time, I had had but little experience; and that may have been the cause of my difficulty. About twenty years ago, I sat down in the court-room at Detroit to report one of the "summing up" speeches in the great railroad conspiracy case. It was near the close of a long and exciting trial, which had extended from the middle of May well into September. There were originally sixteen persons under indictment, but during the progress of the trial the

principal conspirator and one of the jury had died. It fell to my lot to report the speech of Mr. Van Arman. He was not a very promising subject to look at; but he had not proceeded far before I discovered that I was at work upon the efforts of one of the best legal minds I had ever encountered. And when I had written out the results of eight hours' speaking, I found that I had one of the most perfect arguments I ever saw on record. It was compact—not a redundant word in it—and it marched on from point to point of the case, with the sure tread of fate. And such it was, so far as the prisoners at the bar were concerned. I subsequently tried to report a speech of Mr. Seward, on the other side, in the same trial. But he was almost the opposite of Mr. Van Arman—diffuse, frequently dragging in irrelevant matter, travelling out of the record in search of incidents to excite sympathy; and, withal, he had a bad habit of walking up to a table, whereon he had deposited a snuff-box, about every five minutes, and applying a "pinch" of the stilling dust to his nose.

I tried "Old Bullion" on one occasion; but his egotism and bombast discouraged me. Notwithstanding these two prominent characteristics, which made him show to disadvantage, he had one of the most powerful intellects that ever found a place in the American Senate. I had much difficulty in reporting Mr. Douglas. His speaking on political questions was declamatory and vituperative, and therefore necessarily disconnected. On other occasions, and frequently in the Senate, he showed strong argumentative powers and capabilities of eloquence. Ex-President Fillmore was a plain, direct, though not a powerful or eloquent speaker. In reading his speeches, one notices the results of a limited education; but there is always a vein of strong common-sense running through them, and an evidence of frankness and honesty of

purpose. John Van Buren had a complex intellectual development. With talents of the highest order, he inherited an air of insincerity and intrigue which was painfully apparent to the reporter while attempting to follow him through a political speech. He abounded in humor, and in witty *repartee* and biting sarcasm had few equals. I never made a report of him with which I was satisfied. Anson Burlingame was an easy and rapid speaker, even in his earlier efforts; but was not deep or profound or argumentative—simply graceful. But in his later years he developed into one of the ablest statesmen and diplomatists of the country. I reported his first *national speech*, as well as that of Schuyler Colfax, at the great Harbor and River Convention in Chicago in 1847. They both attracted attention at the time, but were overshadowed by the eloquent and somewhat remarkable speech of the President, Edward Bates, at the close of the convention. Governor Marcy was always better with the pen than "upon his legs." He had in early life been an editor, which accounts for it. But in controversy, involving great principles, he had few equals in his day. I reported one speech of his on current politics. It was plain, direct and forcible. He always said what he meant without circumlocution. The author of the political maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils" was too honest and straightforward to attempt to cover up anything; he had no euphemisms in which to conceal his meaning. The first time I encountered Owen Lovejoy was at the Free Soil National Convention in Buffalo, prior to the presidential campaign of 1848. He was not much known as a public speaker then, and was, withal, so eccentric and erratic that my effort to report him was the next thing to a failure. He mixed the preacher and stump-speaker in an astonishing manner—passing from the one to the other at a most lively

pace. It was during the same campaign that I first reported Senator Doolittle. As a speaker he was strong, impressive, and capable of rising into eloquence. He has what I have termed the Websterian cast of mind; a large brain, but with a much less comprehensive grasp of thought than the great prototype. About the driest thing, however, that I ever got hold of was a speech of Senator Wilson. In an effort to follow him for two hours, I became almost distracted. It was an intellectual sawdust pudding. Yet it was bristling all over with points, and as invulnerable as a Prussian infantry column. Senator Trumbull does not employ many flowers of rhetoric. He doth "a round unvarnished tale deliver." He has what is called a legal mind. It is well disciplined, and combined with a cool temperament and strong will-power. His speeches are models of compactness and argumentative force. They are easy to report—pure and chaste

in diction, and always read well in print. Horatio Seymour is a fair, plausible speaker,—gentlemanly, scholarly, and always appearing before the public with full preparation. He belongs to a class of public men whom I have reported, whose mental calibre—so far as one is able to judge from their speeches—is nearly on a par. This includes Governor Hunt, Sanford E. Church, Governor Brough of Ohio, Judge Brinkerhoff, Cassius M. Clay, Joshua A. Spencer, Judge Rufus Spalding, John A. Logan, Albert H. Tracy, and others. They exhibit different degrees of culture, and their styles of oratory present quite a contrast; yet it would be difficult to tell which was intellectually the strongest. But all have been prominent within the last twenty-five years. A majority have passed away, and, having done the state some service, have yielded to others the places which they occupied.

THE C. R. C. TALES.

CONTINUED.

BEFORE Miss Rose Waters commenced the reading of her story, a round of the egg-nogg was prepared by Lowe and one or two amateur assistants. Dillingham remarked, as an excuse for accepting some of the Official Beverage, that he expected to be so thrilled by the exciting incidents, and pathos, etc., of Miss Waters's tale that he should need some of the stimulant for his nerves.

The cynical gentleman's remark to the Professor—a sort of foot-note, as it were, made under the table by a slight squeezing of the Professor's pedal extremities, much to the jeopardy of sundry particularly vulnerable points to which that learned man confessed—was to a directly contrary effect. In fact, Dillingham as well as

said by that gesture "I really think we shall be terribly bored by this story."

"There is one merit, at least," remarked Lowe, while the forks and spoons were clicking away at the preparation of the tippie, "which Mr. Hyson's story has over Milton's epic."

"Ah! what is it?" was the quick demand from the hopeful young author of "The Fatal Bath."

"Well, it—it is shorter."

And the laugh was again on Young Hyson, notwithstanding Lowe insisted that he intended to remark that brevity was *one* of the merits of the story.

They had a very toothsome refec-tion, and a discussion concerning the

method of preparing the Official Beverage, which I can only impart in confidence to the reader's private ear. Then came, as soon as possible, Miss Rose Waters's story.

Miss Rose Waters was found to have arranged her tasteful drapery in a way to make a good picture, when, pouting her two full lips so that they looked a little more than usual like four cunningly grouped strawberries, she proceeded in the sweetest way to read:

"THREE PICTURES.—I.

"It is a summer afternoon in a New England town; and a 'town' in New England, you should understand, is not a city, nor yet a village.

"David Deane's farm, the finest in the valley, lay basking in the hot June sun, whose fervor it seemed to enjoy better than did the farm hands who were sweating on yonder plateau, giving the corn its second hoeing for the season. The little river which enlivened the valley went smiling down to join the broader Connecticut, apparently unconscious that it was about to be roiled and swollen by one of the heaviest rainstorms of the season. Indeed, I do not suppose rivers, particularly small rivers, have any noticeable prescience on those points."

"Good hit, Miss Rose; good hit," put in the Professor.

"No interruptions from the gentlemen while the ladies read," rejoined his interesting spouse.

"For there was gathering in the west," pursued the lovely reader, "a bank of gray and brown clouds which told the hands in the corn-field that a thunder shower threatened. Then, almost as soon as the words can be written, the low bank became like a distant range of black mountains, and then like a near mountain, only that the mass was round, and swelling ever into new and larger masses."

"Cumuli," broke in the irrepressible Professor.

"By this time the farm hands knew of a certainty that there was a storm impending. So sure are the signs of the weather in that country, where valleys and mountain ranges shape unerringly the direction of storms and winds.

"'I only wish,' said Farmer Deane anxiously—for he was of course among them—'that Alice was back from her berrying.'

"'Oh! she'll cut sticks lively enough when she sees them haycocks yonder!' observed one of the men, alluding to the appearance in the sky.

"But the father seemed ill at ease, notwithstanding that farmers are not accustomed to borrow much trouble about young people being caught in a June shower. He fretted, and that was really all he could do, knowing that if indeed there were danger to his child, he had then little power to avert it.

"Meanwhile, the girl herself, absorbed either with her task or with her day-dreams, of which she had many, and to which she found solitary berrying excursions especially conducive, continued at her pleasant occupation until startled by the rumbling of the distant thunder. Looking up, she saw a good part of the sky overcast with watery clouds, and knowing how suddenly such storms are generated, made all possible haste to reach the shelter of her father's roof. But it was a good mile away; and before half the distance was accomplished, Alice was overtaken by the storm. There was a group of beech-trees in the lane, and to the shelter of one of these the girl fled—not by any means in terror, for the brightening expression of her countenance told that she enjoyed the scene which Mother Nature was preparing for her. Ah! she little knew what a scene it was to be, and how terribly the God of Thunder was

to reveal Himself to her young vision !
 " I believe it is entirely the custom for women and children to be frightened at thunder and lightning, but it was not so with Alice Deane.

" ' I enjoy a good tempest with rain and lightning in it, or a storm on the sea-shore such as we used to see at Nahant,' she used to say, gaily ; and, becoming more serious — ' I 'll tell you why. They make me feel more confidence in God. When I see what terrible power He possesses, and know that He is my Father, who has numbered even the hairs of my head, I feel as if I were resting in His very bosom—so near does He seem; and I say "this is the mighty Being whose child I am. Is it not glorious to have such a Parent and Protector?" "

" Ah, Alice Deane, thou hast need of all thy cheerful trust now, for the thunderbolts which that Almighty hand has launched are darting and destroying as if their dreadful terrors had been lent for the time to the powers of evil, instead of being directed by any beneficent agency !

" The rain, too, is pouring down, in sheets rather than in drops. The stout trunks of the beech-trees crack and groan beneath the force of the tempest, while their boughs, more lithe, sway and rush madly to and fro. The elements are wild, it would seem. Never did flash follow flash of vivid lightning more fast and furious than now, nor peal and crash of thunder grow out of crash and peal with a more awful vehemence. It seemed as if the air were one vast livid, dazzling mass, and the thunders of the universe contested over the head of that lonely girl.

" She had amused herself at first by watching the cattle which had sought shelter under a bank near by. But the density of the rain and the dazzle of the lightning had shut them out from Alice's vision, and she could now only hear them bellowing from animal terror, whenever the roar of thunder left their sounds audible.

" And Alice ? It cannot be claimed that her gayety had held out through all this. Her drenching would have quenched all that feeling, even had not the actual danger of her situation struck a mild degree of terror to her nerves, before highly strung with the pleasurable excitement of the occasion.

" She stands thus, with lips apart, nostrils distended, pupils dilated, and black curls disordered by the wind, eagerly watching for each succeeding shock.

" *Crash !*

" It has come now, the one for which she had waited and dreaded, — and Alice lies prostrate and lifeless upon the ground !

" Is she dead ?

" Let us pray not ; for it was the tree next neighboring to that under which the poor girl stood which the dread bolt had struck in its quick flight. Thank God for that !

" ' Alice ! Alice ! ' calls a man's voice along the lane. David Deane has not arrived a moment too soon in rescue of his precious daughter. He carries a coat closely rolled, to wrap her in. He almost stumbles over his unconscious child, and gives an involuntary cry at seeing her, and near her the blasted tree which tells the fatal story but too well.

" David Deane loses no time in lamentations. He wraps the girl as well as possible in the coat, and falls to chafing her hands with all his might and shouting her name in her ear, as if she were deaf and not dead. Dead she was not, indeed, for shortly the long eyelashes opened and she looked at him—first, a good long look, with the slightest and sweetest of smiles ; then with a bewildered expression ; and finally with—

" ' O pa, is it you ? You are so good ! But I thought it was n't you. I thought it was such a pretty man, with blue eyes, and whiskers—so. And he had an umbrella.' And then the girl went off in a sort of hysterical

laughter which my male readers will excuse under the circumstances.

"Never mind, Alice, about the umbrella. The rain is over now, I think I'm pretty enough to save my little girl and carry her home. A'n't I?"

"She said no more; but her nervous clinging to his neck, as he took her in his stout arms, appeased any jealousy to which he might otherwise have been liable.

"As Alice had opened her tender young eyes, the clouds, already spent, broke away and revealed the sun, which had seemed to have been banished from the universe; so that Farmer Deane never knew whether it was that venerable planet or his daughter's eyes which had so illuminated the valley and tinged with such a freshened brilliancy its verdure."

II.

Though interruptions were not in order, Miss Waters could not help inquiring, at this point, "Do you like it?"

"Oh, very much!" answered several of the gentlemen, gallantly; "it's really quite thrilling."

"But the next scene is n't," explained the fair reader.

"I wonder," began Mrs. Van Busquerk, "if that nice blue-eyed man——"

"Never mind him," said the Professor, with unwonted sternness.

Whereupon Miss Waters proceeded with the narrative:

"It is ten years after the almost-tragedy underneath the beech-tree. Farmer Deane has been laid to rest beneath the green turf of a little hillock, beside the wife he had mourned. The farm had been sold, and Alice, now a woman grown, had joined a brother in a Western city. Too proud to be dependent, however, and too provident to waste the little patrimony which she had received from the proceeds of the estate, she had engaged in an industrial calling, at once congenial and honorable.

"The scene which we here outline was in the porch of the Rev. Mr. —— church, on ——avenue, at which Alice was a regular attendant. On this day she had no companion. Reaching the porch, after the service, she found herself detained, with a few others, by a shower of rain; for Alice was but human, and being both human and feminine she wore ribbons and other millinery of a perishable or at least of a spoilable sort. She waited, and as she waited, her mind reverted inevitably to the terrible adventure beneath the beech-tree, and of the loving father, now dead and gone, whose face she had then beheld through such a curious veil of the fancy.

"A gentleman, coming out from the church, tenders her, with a frank politeness, the use of his umbrella. She looks up to thank him for his courtesy. Heavens! *That face!* It is the same which was but now in her mind's eye—has been there, in fact, ever since she first saw it in her dream; for she has never lost a line of it, or indeed been able to dismiss it from her fancy. She staggered backward a little—a convulsion of some kind passed through her body—she stammered, 'Excuse me, sir, I——' and there was a lady fainted in the porch of the Rev. Mr. ——'s church.

"The gentleman afterwards owned up to somewhat of a thrill himself, perhaps of pride and satisfaction at seeing a lady faint on his account. He had become involved, however, in a scene more complicated than he had bargained for; but he boldly saw it out. The lady had explanations enough ready before she reached her home, and the affair was soon forgotten among the commonplaces. *This face*, Alice knew, was a natural, actual one. What was the mystery of the vision under the beech-tree?

III.

"The third scene is a very vague and shadowy one. Your narrator

cannot outline, even, the incidents. But the figures are distinct—those of Alice and her counterpart—for such it would seem the man must be. They pass through sunshine and through storm—yes, and through the gravest dangers. Now he is the threatened one and she supports him, and now she is the weak one and he her rescuer. And on they wander, gazing often into each other's eyes with a rapt look, and singing strains of love and peaceful triumph."

"Well, now, that is beautiful!" ejaculated the Professor's lady, when the reading was completed.

"Rather vague and visionary, I should say," suggested Miss Gray.

"Especially as to the name of the blue-eyed young man," said Mr. Lowe.

As for Dillingham, he only squeezed the Professor's toe again; while Young Hyson thought the gentleman referred to must be either Lowe or himself, according to the description: "Blue eyes and whiskers—so." And he caressed the downy excrescence which he had been authorized by his barber to denominate the Shakespeare whisker.

The redoubtable Professor was the next competitor for literary glory. He was apparently a most willing victim, and cleared his throat and adjusted his spectacles with alacrity. The latter rested less upon their traditional pedestal, the bridge of the nose, than upon the two mountainous cheek bones for which the Professor was distinguished—bumps whose intellectual import the phrenologists have neglected to classify, but which must have had some remarkable force in the Professor's case.

The Professor scowled the scowl of wisdom—whether in salute to the spectacles or the manuscript, the casual observer was at a loss to determine.

"Ahem! I believe," commenced the great scholar, "that every story should convey some instruction, and

not be wasted on the simple amusement of the reader."

The spirits of the Columbine Reading Circle fell twenty degrees, to speak after the manner of Fahrenheit, upon this announcement.

"But I trust, Professor," interposed Miss Gray, "that you have some lovers in your tale, and that they have some trouble."

"Ah, my dear Miss Gray, you cannot suppose that I have lived to acquire these gray hairs"—tapping upon a section of his science-stored scalp where there would have been gray hairs, but that they had all been eliminated by the prodigious workings of thought within,—"that I have not lived to my age to make stories without lovers in—lovers and trouble? Not I, I assure you, Miss Gray."

"O, let the Professor alone for that!" said Dillingham. "Nobody knows how many Boccaccios and Byrons were spoiled in making a scientific man out of him."

In short, there seemed to be a little disposition to chaff the Professor, the exhaustiveness of whose erudition some of the C. R. C. were disposed to question—an act, I must explain, of the grossest injustice to that tremendous scholar.

No little relief was felt by the feminine arc of the Circle when the scholastic reader announced the title of his narrative—

ALGERNON AND CLEMENTINE.

"Clementine Duvernoy was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant in the West India line at Philadelphia. He dealt largely in the saccharine secretive which Eratosthenes mentioned even in his remote day, but which has only been brought to perfection since the cerebrum of the live Yankee was brought to bear upon the raw material of Hispaniola."

"He means sugar, ladies," explained one of the gentlemen.

"From this source, Mr. Duvernoy derived an income averaging perhaps

\$20,000 a year; besides which he had rentals and interest on \$200,000 worth of property, which, at six per cent., yielded \$12,000 annually, making \$32,000 in all."

"Good for Clementine!" exclaimed Dillingham, with his usual impertinence.

"His daughter, though possessed of a personal pulchritude befitting one so favored by fortune, was not vain or giddy in the least. On the contrary, the energies of her well-balanced intellect were bent toward objects of the highest import. She delighted in the analysis of geological, botanical, and entomological specimens, and the investigation of the principles of those sciences."

"Bugs, ladies,—bugs and rocks!" explained the impertinent annotator.

"Nor was she averse to a quadratic equation, a problem in chemical analysis, or a tragedy of Eschylus. Her temperament was rather lymphatic than otherwise, and her sharp gray eyes would be fastened for hours upon her book without a single recognition of the beautiful objects about her, while her nose, slightly *retroussé*, was quick to scent out new facts in science.

"It was at a fashionable watering-place that she first met Algernon Fairbanks, a youth of two-and-twenty, who had just graduated from Bowvard College, the very first scholar in his class. The guests of the hotel, tired of the usual recreations included in the routine of their lounging life, had, at Clementine's suggestion, agreed upon a scientific *soirée*, and several professional gentlemen had prepared to air their learning in discussions and other performances. Algernon had agreed to lead in an exposition of the Darwinian theory of development; while one of Clementine's duties was the demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid,—a young gentleman who was a favorite socially having been solicited to assign her task, and having no scintilla of sci-

ence about him except a vague idea that there was such a thing as a 'forty-seventh proposition' somewhere, and that it was a good deal of a thing.

"It may be stated that the demonstration was perfectly satisfactory to this young man; and it is hardly necessary to add that it was a source of thrilling delight to Algernon Fairbanks, who listened entranced, in a dark corner of the room, while the fair mathematician tripped with the lightness of a fairy over the old proverbial *pons asinorum*, and demonstrated, as clear as crystal, that the square described upon A B was equivalent to the sum of the squares described upon A C and B C. It is probably a fact that the student's first clear comprehension of this beautiful truth is one of the most delightful sensations of which mankind is susceptible; and being entirely an intellectual enjoyment, it is pure and without any unpleasant reaction. At each retracing of the steps by which the sublime conclusion is reached, the delight returns in considerable measure, through the power of association.

"This delight Algernon experienced on this occasion; but it soon gave place to a greater delight in the way of original discovery. He had found what he had hitherto sought in vain,—a perfect mathematical mind in the person of a woman.

"'Ah! now,' he exclaimed to the person nearest to him, 'I perceive for what I came to this dull place. It was to hear that lady demonstrate that theorem!'

"The diagram for the purpose had been drawn upon a black board brought in from the bowling alley, which proved an adequate *succedaneum* for the purpose. The lines had been traced with unerring accuracy and strength, but with feminine grace—at least Algernon thought so, and as he gazed fixedly at the figure (that is, of the triangles and squares,

not of Clementine,) he seemed to behold in it a vista of future delights—of day dreams realized and mathematically demonstrated. The philosopher's stone had been found—the electric of his aspirations squared.

"There is no doubt that psychology had something to do with this, and that a portion of the intensity of Algernon's feelings was due to the subtle union of *her* spirit with his at that moment; for she could not but feel the influence of those eyes upon her, and send back from her soul a thought-wave responsive to that which had filled that place with so elastic a flood."

"Tut, tut, Professor!" was the interjection which some one felt bound to utter at this moment. But the Professor went on with his reading all the same.

"Of course all this telegraphy of thought and impulse was unknown to the careless company there assembled. They sat quiescently and heard Clementine's triumphant words, 'Therefore, the square described upon A B is equivalent to the sum of the squares described upon A C and B C. *Quod erat demonstrandum*,' without realizing, for a moment that that utterance was the summation of a series of passionall interchanges as complete and beautiful as it was short and sudden.

"The next evening, the interesting pair found opportunity to interview each other, as the flippant press of the period would denominate it. They found that a mutual good impression had been formed, through Clementine's performance at the blackboard and Algernon's dissertation on development through selection. Soon they were both admitting that it was not an impression merely, but a possession. Each had taken possession of the other's affections. And the fact was symbolized in the usual way—viz. osculation *ad libitum*.

"*Quod erat demonstrandum*," laughed Clementine.

"*Sed demonstrando tenus*," replied

the other, gaily. 'We knew it before, but had to demonstrate it, you know.'

"'I feel,' said she, 'as if I were the line A B and you the line B C, and that the point B represents the present moment: intersection and happiness.'

"'No,' exclaimed Algernon, more bold but perhaps not more logical. 'Let's apply another proposition. Let us have *two* points in common, and prove that the lines A F and C D (alluding to the lovers' own initials), coincide throughout their whole extent, and form one and the same straight line.'

"Whereupon they proceeded to coincide, I suppose," insinuated Dillingham, with great solemnity. The Professor deigned no reply.

"As the weeks of the season wore on," he continued, "Algernon and Clementine enjoyed many delicious conversations, and were continually discovering new sympathies and affinities whereto they were brought by the great truths of science. They both had a particular *penchant* for Astronomy. They did not waste their time in gazing at the moon and stars and laying the foundation for future catarrhs and rheumatisms, but talked in - doors of the principles and theories of the science; of horizontal parallaxes, and precessions of the equinoxes; of the composition of Saturn's rings and the sun's photosphere.

"'And have you ever thought, my dear Clementine, remarked Algernon one day, "how much more reverence we owe to those old astronomers, who told their generations so much concerning the heavenly bodies, notwithstanding they had to grope, as it were, through the universe, with little or none of the light which ages of civilization have been able to shed upon it? Think of Pythagoras, for instance.'

"'And of Ptolemy and the *Μεγαλα Ευραζιας*," responded Clementine.

"'And of old Copernicus!'

"And of Tycho Brahe!"
 "'And of the venerable Bede!"
 "'And of the great Kepler!"
 "'And of Newton!"
 "'And of Herschel!"
 "'And Halley!"
 "'And Laplace!"
 "'And Bissel of Königsberg!"
 "'And Purbach and Euler!"
 "'And Regiomontanus!"
 "'And Leverrier!"

"And the host of modern theorists and observers who have brought the sun down into their little spectroscopes and analyzed its elements as you analyze a *pimpinellifolia*!"

"By the way, Mr. Fairbanks, what is your theory of the sun's incandescence, since the recent developments of the solar eclipses? Do you account for it by the combustion of bodies mechanically gravitating toward the centre of the solar system, or by chemical action in the solid body of the sun, or by the constitution of the atmosphere of that orb?"

"And then the fond pair proceeded to discuss this subject with the warmth which it would naturally inspire. I regret that in the time assigned me I cannot detail their conversation.

"Algernon and Clementine would often haunt the bowling alley, to be near that blackbeard about which such precious associations clung; nor were the somewhat matter-of-fact hieroglyphics of the bowlers' score, with which it was usually covered, sufficient to dispel the scene which it recalled. But oftener they wandered into the woods for geological or botanical specimens. On one of these jaunts, encountering one of the plantigrade quadrupeds, they fell to discussing the origin of man, a subject on which Algernon was especially enthusiastic. Clementine demanded:

"And do you really believe, Mr.

Fairbanks, that, with all your theories of correlated variations, and compensation of growth, and reversion, and cohesive homologous parts, you can trace our origin back to the quadrumanous animals?"

"I do, indeed, cynosure of my affections," replied the young philosopher. "Take any of the anthropomorphous apes; take the *Hylobates*; take the *Hoolock Gibbon*; take the platyrrhine groups of American monkeys; especially take the *Senno pithecus nasica*, with his aquiline nose and his sacculated stomach, and the physical development of these cunning creatures clearly prove the folly of assigning man to a separate order in classification."

"But the intellectual development—the reasoning faculty—"

"Well, of course the impediments to our march of reason lie precisely there. But look at the habits and faculties of the anthropomorphous apes. As Mr. Darwin says,—"

"Oh, Professor! do tell me if these people got married!" cried Miss Rose Waters, unable to hold out longer.

The ice being thus broken, the young men came to the damsel's relief, and insisted that was the only question now before the Circle.

"Shall the main question be now put?" demanded Dillingham, sternly.

"Question! Question!" was the only word to be heard.

The Professor, on learning that his fifteen minutes had expired, was forced to yield and answered *Yes*; whereat Miss Gray heaved a sigh, supposed to be on behalf of Algernon and also Clementine.

To carry out the parliamentary aspect of the affair, the Circle voted with great enthusiasm, to allow the Professor to print the remainder of his "report."

HUGH P. GREEN.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF WORDS.

[CONCLUDING PAPER.]

WE are accustomed to go to the dictionary for the meaning of words; but it is *life* that discloses to us their significance in all the vivid realities of experience. It is the actual world, with its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and pains, that reveals to us their joyous or terrible meanings—meanings not to be found in Worcester or Webster. Does the young and light-hearted maiden know the meaning of "sorrow," or the youth just entering on a business career understand the significance of the words "failure" and "protest"? Go to the hod-carrier, climbing the many-storied building under a July sun, for the meaning of "toil"; and, for a definition of "overwork," go to the pale seamstress who

"In midnight's chill and murk
Stitches her life into her work;
Bending backwards from her toil,
Lest her tears the silk might soil;
Shaping from her bitter thought
Heart's ease and forget-me-not;
Satirizing her despair
With the emblems woven there!"

Ask the hoary-headed debauchee, bankrupt in purse, friends, and reputation—with disease racking every limb—for the definition of "remorse"; and go to the bedside of the invalid for the proper understanding of "health." Life, with its inner experience, reveals to us the tremendous force of words, and writes upon our hearts the ineffaceable records of their meanings. Man is a dictionary, and human experience the great lexicographer. Hundreds of human beings pass from their cradles to their graves, who know not the force of the commonest terms; while to others their terrible significance comes home like an electric flash, and sends a thrill to the innermost fibres of their being.

It has been calculated that our language, including the nomenclature of the arts and sciences, contains one hundred thousand words; yet, of this immense number, it is surprising how few are in common use. To the great majority, even of educated men, three-fourths of these words are almost as unfamiliar as Greek or Choctaw. Strike from the lexicon all the words nearly obsolete—all the words of special arts or professions—all the words confined in their usage to particular localities—all the words which even the educated speaker uses only in homœopathic doses—and it is astonishing into what a Lilliputian volume your Brobdingnagian Webster or Worcester will have shrunk. It has been calculated that a child uses only about one hundred words; and, unless he belongs to the educated classes, he will never employ more than three or four hundred. A distinguished American scholar estimates that few speakers or writers use as many as ten thousand words; ordinary persons, of fair intelligence, not over three or four thousand. Even the great orator, who is able to bring into the field, in the war of words, half the vast array of light and heavy troops which the vocabulary affords, yet contents himself with a far less imposing display of verbal force. Even the all-knowing Milton, whose wealth of words seems amazing, and whom Dr. Johnson charges with using "a Babylonish dialect," uses only eight thousand; and Shakespeare himself, "the myriad-minded," only fifteen thousand. These facts show that the difficulty of mastering the vocabulary of a new tongue is greatly overrated; and they show, too, how absurd is the boast of every new dictionary-maker that *his* vocabulary contains so many

thousand words more than those of his predecessors. This may, or may not, be a merit; but it is certain that there is scarcely a page of Johnson that does not contain some word—obsolete, un-English, or purely scientific—that has no business there; while Webster and Worcester cram them in by hundreds and thousands at a time; each doing his best to load and deform his pages, and all the while triumphantly challenging the world to observe how prodigious an advantage he has gained over his rivals.

It was a saying of John Foster that "eloquence resides in the thought, and no words, therefore, can make that eloquent which will not be so in the plainest that could possibly express the same." Nothing, therefore, can be more absurd than the notion that the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal of pompous and sonorous language is necessary to the expression of the sublime and powerful in eloquence and poetry. So far is this from being true that the finest, noblest, and most spirit-stirring sentiments ever uttered, have been couched, not in what Lord Brougham calls "long-tailed words in 'osity and 'ation," but in the simplest Saxon—in the language we hear hourly in the streets and by our firesides. Daniel Webster knew this, and therefore, whether convincing juries, or thundering in the Senate—whether demolishing Hayne, or measuring swords with Calhoun—on all occasions used the plainest words. "You will find," said he to a friend, "in my speeches to juries, no hard words, no Latin phrases, no *feri facias*; and that is the secret of my style, if I have any."

What can be simpler and yet more sublime than the "Let there be light, and there was light!" of Moses, which Longinus so admired? Would it be an improvement to say, "Let there be light, and there was solar illumination?" "I am like a child

picking up pebbles on the sea-shore," said Newton. Had he said he was like an awe-struck votary, lying prostrate before the stupendous majesty of the cosmical universe, and the mighty and incomprehensible *Ourgos* which had created all things, we might think it very fine, but should not carry in our memories such a luggage of words. The fiery eloquence of the field and the forum springs on the vulgar idiom as a soldier leaps upon his horse. "Trust in the Lord, and *keep your powder dry*," said Cromwell to his soldiers on the eve of a battle. "Silence, you thirty voices!" roars Mirabeau to a knot of opposers round the tribune. "I'd sell the shirt off my back to support the war!" cries Lord Chatham; and again, "Conquer the Americans! I might as well think of driving them before me with this crutch," "I know," says Kossuth, speaking of the march of intelligence, "that the light has spread, and that *even the bayonets think*." "You may shake me, if you please," said a little Yankee constable to a stout burly culprit whom he had come to arrest, and who threatened violence, "but recollect, if you do it, you don't shake a chap of five feet six; you've got to *shake the whole State of Massachusetts*!" When a Hoosier was asked by a Yankee how much he weighed—"Well," said he, "commonly I weigh about one hundred and eighty; but *when I'm mad I weigh a ton*!" "Were I to die at this moment," wrote Nelson after the battle of the Nile, "*more frigates* would be found written on my heart." The "Do n't give up the ship!" of our memorable sea-captain stirs the heart like the sound of a trumpet. Had he exhorted the men to fight to the last gasp in defence of their beloved country, their hearths and altars, and the glory of America, the words might have been historic, but never would have been quoted vernacularly.

We have spoken of the despotie

sway of some writers over the resources of expression. Yet, however imperial one's command of words, and though he may be able "to illumine a period, to enwreath an enthymeme" with the masterous dexterity of Plato himself, it is impossible to put words together so exquisitely that a sophist may not wrest and pervert their meaning. Those persons who have ever had a law-suit need not be told how much ingenious argument may hang on a shade of meaning, to be determined objectively without reference to the fancied intentions of the legislator or the writer. If, in ordinary life, words represent impressions and ideas, in legal instruments they are *things*; they dispose of property, liberty, and life; they express the will of the law-giver, and become the masters of our social being. O'Connell used to assert that he could drive a coach-and-six through an Act of Parliament. Many of our American enactments yawn with chasms wide enough for a whole railway train. But even when laws have been framed with the most consummate skill, the subtlety of a Choate or a Follett may twist what appears to be the clearest and most unmistakable language into a meaning the very opposite to that which the common sense of mankind would give it.

On some of the great American rivers, where lumbering operations are carried on, the logs, in floating down, often get jammed up here and there, and it becomes necessary to find the timber which is a kind of keystone and stops all the rest. Once detach this, and away dash the giant trunks, thundering headlong, helter-skelter down the rapids. It is just this office which he who defines his terms accurately, performs for the dead-locked questions of the day. Half the controversies of the world are disputes about words. How often do we see two persons engage in what Cowper calls "a duel in the form of

a debate,"—tilting furiously at each other for hours—stabbing with enthymemes, and cracking each other's pates with sorites—with no apparent prospects of ever ending the fray, till suddenly it occurs to one of them to define precisely what he means by a term on which the discussion hinges; when it is found that the combatants had no cause for quarrel, having agreed in opinion from the beginning! The juggle of all sophistry lies in employing equivocal expressions—that is, such as may be taken in two different meanings—using a word in one sense in the premises, and in another sense in the conclusion. Frequently the word on which a controversy turns is unconsciously made to do double duty, and under a seeming unity there lurks a real dualism of meaning, from which endless confusions arise. Accurately to define such a term is to provide one's self with a master-key which unlocks the whole dispute. Who can tell how far the clash of opinions among political economists has been owing to the use in opposite senses of a very few words? Had Smith, Say, Ricardo, Mill, began their systems by defining carefully the meanings attached by them to certain terms used on every page of their writings—such as Wealth, Labor, Capital, Value,—it may be doubted whether they would not, to some extent, have harmonized in opinion, instead of giving us theories as opposite as the poles.

So with the mortal theological wars in which so much ink has been shed. The shelves of our public libraries groan under the weight of huge folios, once hurled at each other by the giants of divinity, which never would have been published but for their confused notions or failure to discriminate the meaning of certain technical and oft-recurring terms. Beginning with discordant ideas of what is meant by the words Will, Necessity, Unity, Law—terms vital in theology—the more they argued, the farther they were

apart, and, while fancying they were battling with real adversaries, were, Quixote-like, tilting at windmills, or fighting with shadows, till at last utter

"Confusion umpire sat,
And by deciding worse embroiled the fray."

The whole vast science of casuistry which once occupied the brains and tongues of the schoolmen, turned upon nice, hair-splitting verbal distinctions, as ridiculous as the disputes of the orthodox Lilliputians and the heretical Blefuscutians about the big ends and the little ends of the eggs. The readers of Pascal will remember the fierce wars in the Sorbonne between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, touching the doctrine of "efficacious" and "sufficient" grace. He will recall the microscopic distinctions; the fine-spun attenuations; the spider-like threads of meaning; the delicate, infinitesimal verbal shavings of the grave and angelic doctors; how one subtle disputant, with syllabical penetration, would discover a heresy in his opponent's monosyllables, while the other would detect a schism in the former's conjunctions, till finally, after having filled volumes enough with the controversy to form a library, the point at issue, which had long been invisible, was whittled down to nothing.

Hume's famous argument against miracles is based entirely upon what logicians call a *petitio principii*—a begging of the question, artfully concealed in an ambiguous use of the word "experience." Political parties and religious sects quietly beg the questions at issue between them by dubbing themselves "the Democrats" and "the Republicans," or "the Orthodox" and "the Liberals;" though the orthodoxy of the one may consist only in opposition to somebody-else's doxy, and the liberality of the other may differ from bigotry only in the fact that, the bigots are liberal only to *one* set of opinions, while the Liberals are bigoted against all. So with the argument of what is called the Selfish School of Moral Philos-

ophers, who deny that man ever acts from purely disinterested motives. The whole superstructure of their degrading theory rests upon a confounding of the term *self-love* with *selfishness*. If I go out to walk, and, being overtaken by a shower, spread my own or rather my borrowed umbrella to save myself from a soaking—never once, all the while, thinking of my friends, my country, or of anybody, in short, but of him who is dearest to everyone, viz: the first pronoun personal, Number One,—will it be pretended that this act, though performed exclusively for self, was in any sense selfish? As well might you say that the cultivation of an *art* makes a man *artful*, or that because he plays on the bass viol he will be guilty of a *bass violation* of another's rights. Derivatives do not always retain the force of their primitives. Wearing woollen clothes does not make a man sheepish. Representatives do not, and *ought* not, always to represent (that is to reflect) the will of their constituents, who may clamor for measures opposed to the Constitution, which they have sworn to support. Self-love, in the highest degree, implies no disregard of the rights of others; whereas Selfishness is always sacrificing others to itself—it contains the germ of every crime, and fires its neighbor's house to roast its own eggs.

What towering superstructures of fallacy conservatives have built upon the word *old*; as if because old men are generally the wisest and most experienced, opinions and practices handed down to us from the "old times" of ignorance and superstition, when the world was comparatively in its youth, must be entitled to the highest respect. Again, how many tedious books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles have been written to prove that education should consist of mental discipline—founded on an erroneous derivation of the word from *educere*—"to draw out." Does edu-

cation, it is asked, consist in filling the child's mind as a cistern is filled with water brought in buckets from some other source, or in the opening up of its own fountains? The fact is, education comes not from *educere*, but from *educare*, which means "to nourish," "to foster," to do just what the nurse does. It is food, above all things, which the growing mind craves; and the mind's food is knowledge. Why have one class of studies for discipline only, and another class for nourishment only, when there are studies which at once fill the mind with the materials of thinking and develop the power of thought—which, at the same time, impart useful knowledge, and afford an intellectual gymnastic? Is a merchant, whose business compels him to walk a dozen miles a day, to be told that he must walk another dozen for the sake of exercise, and for that alone? And yet not the less preposterous, it seems to us, is the reasoning of a class of educators, who would range on one side the practically useful and on the other the educational, and build high between them a partition-wall.

Again, the readers of Macaulay's History of England will recollect the hot and long-protracted debates in Parliament in 1696, upon the question whether James II. had "abdicated" or "deserted" the crown—the Lords insisting upon the former, the Commons upon the latter, term. He will also recall the eloquent and fierce debate by the Lords upon the motion that they should subscribe an instrument, as the Commons had done, recognizing William as "rightful and lawful king of England." This they refused to do, but voted to declare that he had the right by law to the English crown, and that no other person had any right whatever to that crown. The distinction between the two propositions, observes Macaulay, a Whig may, without any painful sense of shame, acknowledge to be beyond the reach of his faculties, and

leave to be discussed by High Churchmen. In short, the history of controversy is a history chiefly of disputes about words. The hardest problems, the keenest negotiations, the most momentous decisions, have turned on the meaning of a word. A misapplied or sophistical term has provoked the fiercest and most interminable disputes. "Misnomers have turned the tide of public opinion; verbal fallacies have created implacable parties; and the sparks of artful watchwords, thrown among combustible materials, have kindled the flames of deadly war, and changed the destiny of empires."

For these reasons, it is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of using words with discrimination and care. As

"Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
And these reciprocally those again,"

so persons who speak without precision are apt to think without precision, and *vice versa*—the two processes acting and reacting upon each other. Loose thinkers, every one can see, must of necessity be incoherent speakers; but though less obvious, it is equally certain, that carelessness and inaccuracy in the utterance of thoughts, by which their subtlety is allowed to escape, and their sequence and relation are obscured, must beget mental carelessness and inaccuracy. Metaphysicians are wont to define words as the signs of ideas; but, with many persons, they appear to be, not so much the signs of their thought, as the signs of the signs of their thought. Such, doubtless, was the case with the Scotch clergyman, whom a bonneted abhorrer of legal preaching was overheard eulogizing: "Man, John, wasna yon preachin'!—yon's something for a body'to come awa wi'. The way that he smashed down his text into so many heads and particulars, just a' to flinders! Nine heads, and twenty particulars in ilka head—and sic monthfu's o' grand words!—an' every ane o' them fu' o' meaning, if

we but kent them. We hae ill improved our opportunities;—man, if we could just mind onything he said, it would do us guid."

A catalogue of the errors and inaccuracies of speech that have crept into common use, would fill a volume. Of all the rocks on which foreigners split in the use of our tongue, there is none which so puzzles and perplexes them as the distinction between *shall* and *will*. Every one has heard of the Dutchman, who, on falling into a river, cried out, "I *will* drown, and nobody *shall* help me." The Irish are perpetually using "shall" for "will," while the Scotch use of "will" for "shall" is equally inveterate and universal. Sir Edmund Head, speaking of the vexed question of the authorship of the "Vestiges of Creation," is confident the author was a Scotchman from the following passage: "I do not expect that any word of praise which this work may elicit *shall* ever be responded to by me; or that any word of censure *shall* ever be parried or deprecated." This awkward use of "shall" is not a Scotticism; yet it is curious to see how a writer who pertinaciously shrouds himself in mystery, may be detected by the blundering use of a monosyllable. So the use of the possessive neuter pronoun *its* in the poems which Chatterton wrote and palmed off as the productions of one Rowley, a monk in the fifteenth century, betrayed the forgery—inasmuch as that little monosyllable *its*, now so common and convenient, did not find its way into the language till about the time of Shakspeare. Milton never once uses it, nor is it to be found in all the Bible.

The importance of attending to the distinctions of words, is strikingly illustrated by an incident in Massachusetts. In 1844 Abner Rogers was tried in that State for the murder of the warden of the penitentiary. The man who had been sent to search the prisoner, said in evidence: "He (Rogers) said, 'I have fixed the war-

den, and I'll have a rope round my neck.' On the strength of what he said, I took his suspenders from him." Being cross-examined, the witness said his words were, "I *will* have a rope," not "I *shall* have a rope." "I am sure the word was *will*, not *shall*." The counsel against the prisoner argued that he declared an intention of suicide, to escape from the penalty of the law, which he knew he had incurred. On the other hand, "shall" would, no doubt, have been regarded as a betrayal of his consciousness of having incurred a felon's doom. (The prisoner was acquitted on the ground of insanity.)

Strange that the fate of an alleged murderer should turn upon the question which he used of two little words that are so frequently confused, and employed one for the other! It would be difficult to conceive of a more pregnant comment on the importance of using words with discrimination and accuracy.

Of the many striking facts showing the significance of words, none perhaps is more interesting to a curious mind, than to observe how the Alexanders and Napoleons of letters marshal their verbal battalions on the battle-fields of thought. Foremost among those who wield despotic sway over the domain of letters, is my lord Bacon, whose words are like a Spartan phalanx, closely compacted—almost squeezing each other, so close are their files—and all moving in irresistible array, without confusion or chasm, now holding some Thermopylae of new truth against some scholastic Xerxes, now storming some ancient Malakoff of error, but always with "victory sitting eagle-winged on their crests." A strain of music bursts on your ear, sweet as is Apollo's lute, and lo! Milton's dazzling files, clad in celestial panoply, lifting high their gorgeous ensign, which "shines like a meteor, streaming to the wind"—"breathing united force and fixed thought"—come

moving on "in perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." Next comes Chillingworth, with his glittering rapier, all rhetorical rule and flourish, according to the schools—*passado, montanso, staccato*—one, two, three—the third in your bosom. Then stalks along Chatham, with his two-handed sword, striking with the edge, while he pierces with the point, and stuns with the hilt, and wielding the ponderous weapon as easily as you would a flail. Next strides Johnson, with elephantine tread, with the club of logic in one hand and a revolver in the other, hitting right and left with antithetical blows, and, "when his pistol misses fire, knocking you down with the butt end of it." Burke, with lighted linstock in hand, stands by a Lancaster gun; he touches it, and forth there burst, with loud and ringing roar, missiles of every conceivable description—chain-shot, stones, iron darts, spikes, shells, grenades, torpedoes, and balls, that cut down everything before them. Close after him steals Jeffrey, armed *cap-a-piè*—carrying a tomahawk in one hand and a scalping-knife in the other—steeped to the eye in fight, cunning of fence, master of his weapon and merciless in its use, and "playing it like a tongue of flame" before his trembling victims. There is Brougham, slaying a dozen enemies at once with a tremendous Scotch claymore; Macaulay, running under his opponent's guard, and stabbing him to the heart with the heavy dagger of a short, epigrammatic sentence; Hugh Elliot, cracking his enemies' skulls with a sledgehammer, or pounding them to jelly with his huge fists; Sydney Smith, firing his arrows, feathered with fancy and pointed with the steel of the keenest wit; Disraeli, wielding a polar icicle, gigantic as a club, glittering as a star, deadly as a scimeter, and cool as eternal frost; Emerson, trans-

fixing his adversaries with a blade of transcendental temper, snatched from the scabbard of Plato; and Carlyle, relentless iconoclast of shams, who "gangs his ain gait," armed with an antique stone axe, with which he smashes solemn humbugs as you would drugs with a pestle and mortar.

To conclude, there is one startling fact connected with words, which should make all men ponder what they utter. Not only is every wise and every idle word recorded in the book of divine remembrance, but modern science has shown that they produce an abiding impression on the globe we inhabit. The pulsations of the air, once set in motion, never cease; its waves, raised by each sound, travel the entire round of earth's and ocean's surface; and, in less than twenty-four hours, every atom of atmosphere takes up the altered movement resulting from that sound. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are written in imperishable characters all that man has spoken, or even whispered. Not a word that goes from the lips into the air can ever die, until the atmosphere which wraps our huge globe in its embrace has passed away forever, and the heavens are no more. There, till the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, will still live the jests of the profane, the curses of the ungodly, the scoffs of the atheist, "keeping company with the hours," and circling the earth with the song of Miriam, the wailing of Jeremiah, the low prayer of Stephen, the thunders of Demosthenes, and the denunciations of Burke.

"Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents, with their venomous stings,
Or, bright angels, crowding round us
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

WILLIAM MATHEWS.

SOMEBODY KNOWS.

HOW do I feel? I am fresh as the morning —
 Happy and gay as its first early bird!
 Why do you look such prudential warning?
 I have n't said one exceptional word.
 What was I doing last night in the garden?
 It was near twelve when I entered the hall?
 Oh, my severe, inconsiderate warden!
 Why, if you wanted me, could n't you call?
 Why did I slyly steal out to the arbor,
 Leaving you sole to a comforting doze?
 I cannot tell you! I shall not tell you!
 I never will tell you — but Somebody knows!

Oh, what a pity that you were so sleepy!
 Saw me come in? Is it really true?
 So, my good Aunt, you were playing Miss Peep? /
 Well, now! I really wonder at you!
 But — do you know that the full moon was shining?
 Oh, do you know that the world was abloom,
 In the cool arms of the midnight reclining,
 Trying to hide from the swift - coming gloom?
 This is n't what you would like me to tell you?
 There is a secret, I see you suppose;
 But I shall not tell you! I cannot tell you!
 I never will tell you — but Somebody knows!

So! you are sure that two people were talking
 Under the porch, where the sweetbriar grows?
 So — you are sure that two people were walking
 In the green alley that borders the close?
 Oh, but the night was surrendered to sweetness!
 Oh, but the skies were so kind and so blue!
 Oh, but my life was abrim with completeness —
 Glad as the rose in its dower of dew!
 This is n't what you have asked me to tell you —
 But this is the way that the narrative goes:
 I cannot tell you! I shall not tell you!
 I never will tell you — but Somebody knows!

What do you say about conscience and blushes?
 The sunset will tinge the most virginal snow;
 If the rose I sat under has lent me its flushes,
 Where is the harm, I am wanting to know?

The purplish mist loves the breast of the mountain,
The honey-bee clings to the heart of the flower,
The sunbeam illumines the spray of the fountain,
Each spirit inherits one exquisite hour!
Concerning the thing that you ask me to tell you:
Ask the white calla the way that it grows!
For I cannot tell you! I shall not tell you!
I never will tell you—but Somebody knows!

Sharp spinster eyes, growing dewy and dreamy—
So did you look, when you were but a girl!
I can believe your complexion was creamy,
That the sunlight was prisoned in each little curl!
You have some love-waif to keep and remember;
You've been a sweetheart, though never a wife;
Looking at me, you are out of November,
Back in the May of your angular life!
Therefore you know it's of no use to question
What was well said and done—under the rose;
For I cannot tell you! I shall not tell you!
I never will tell you—but Somebody knows!

HOWARD GLYNEDON.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY OF COYOTE HILL.

THE literary society established by the "boys" of Coyote Hill, in the summer of 1853, did not endure for any great length of time. The opening session was of a brilliant nature, and promised for the institution a long and prosperous career; but at the second meeting the society was dissolved in a somewhat sudden manner, and never again revived. The causes of the dissolution, hitherto unknown beyond the limits of Coyote Hill, I now intend to make known to the public.

At the period I have mentioned, the inhabitants of that place were at a loss to know how to dispose of their spare time. It was in the dry season, when the gulches and ravines were drained of water, and the hill-sides and ridges were barren and brown.

For several months no clouds had obscured the distant sky, and for two or three months more none could be expected to gladden the heart of the miner with the promise of rain. Below the hill, the North Fork rolled along its yellow tide, shrunk from the proportions of a river to those of a mere streamlet which scarcely afforded sufficient power to turn the numerous wheels which creaked and groaned along its rocky course. It was the halcyon period for the river miners, who based their dreams of wealth upon their success in diverting the streams from their original beds; but for those who were compelled to lie inactive until the winter rains afforded the water necessary to carry on their operations, it was something quite different.

On Coyote Hill it was especially dull. The miners of that place had completed their preparations for the coming winter; ditches had been dug, reservoirs constructed, bed-rock cuts and tunnels run, sluice-boxes and flumes placed in their proper positions; and the huge piles of "pay-dirt" thrown up on every side—confidently supposed by their owners to contain enough of the precious ore to supply the wants of the whole community—awaited only the touch of water to reveal their glittering treasures. Consequently the miners had almost nothing to do. They were, perhaps, fully as contented as the average of mortals would have been under similar circumstances; for all the Coyote Hill diggings were known to be rich, and every man in the place felt assured that the winter's yield would be such as to enable him to return to "the States" in the spring, and display himself to the eyes of admiring relatives and friends in the rôle of the rich Californian.

In the mean time, however, they were obliged to dispose of their time in some manner; and this they found to be a matter of considerable difficulty. The ordinary amusements which mining camps then afforded were indulged in until they began to grow wearisome, and a wild desire sprang up for something new. Draw-poker and other fascinating games of chance, accompanied with the transfer of gold-dust from the person of one honest miner to that of another, had palled on the public taste; and, indeed, most of the Coyote Hillites regarded them with positive disfavor. They had their reasons for so doing, which, if not numerous, were at least forcible—the principal one being that one Sam Jones, and another gentleman familiarly denominated by his friends as Red-head Bill, were possessed of superior abilities in the way of poker playing, and had succeeded in placing nearly all the gold-dust in circulation around the camp in their

own pockets; and the others, destitute of that desirable article, and without the prospect of becoming otherwise until the ensuing winter, naturally leaned to the side of morality, and looked upon card-playing as something to be sedulously avoided as being detrimental to the best interests of the community.

Various other amusements had been resorted to. Some, fired with the emulation of the deeds of noted hunters, went out with the intention of hunting and killing grizzlies; but even this pastime soon fell into disrepute—such stray grizzlies as were encountered manifesting a strong perversity of disposition, not only refusing to allow themselves to be killed in a peaceable manner, but in more than one instance charging upon the hunters in so ferocious a style that they were obliged to seek safety in precipitous and inglorious flight.

Now and then two or three sanguine individuals would equip themselves with picks, pans, and shovels, and start off on prospecting expeditions, for the avowed purpose of striking some deposit of the precious metal which should throw all previous discoveries completely into the shade. These parties generally returned, after diving into caverns and ravines and winding their way along ridges and through dense thickets, rather the worse for wear, and unable to show any other trophies of their excursions than empty knapsacks and ragged garments.

On one memorable occasion, Sam Jones, in company with Red-head Bill, tired of the monotony beginning to prevail around the Hill, paid a visit to the neighboring camp of Soap Slide. Before their return, flushed with previous triumphs in their own neighborhood, they conceived the benevolent design of starting a little game of "draw," for the purpose of "cleaning out" the Soap-Sliders. This enterprise, which if successful would have covered its projectors with

glory, unfortunately proved a failure. Fortune smiled upon the banner of Soap Slide; and the enterprising pair went home with elongated visages, empty pockets, and diminished confidence in the stability of earthly schemes.

After this affair, a gloomy apathy seemed to settle over the Hill. For some time the inhabitants were in a state of deplorable inactivity, indulging in no diversion save an occasional fight at the Phœnix Saloon—the crowning ornament of the Hill,—wherein knives and pistols figured conspicuously, and which served to infuse a temporary excitement into the community.

About this time, it happened that some individual of a more imaginative temperament than his fellows, suggested the idea of establishing a debating society, as a way of passing the long summer evenings. Coyote Hill, at first almost startled out of its propriety by the unusual suggestion, duly ridiculed, then seriously considered, and finally adopted the idea with enthusiasm; and was immensely surprised that such a thing had never been thought of before. The originator of the idea was pronounced a genius; and a committee was appointed to wait on him and tender him the freedom of the town as a token of the admiration of his fellow citizens.

The more the project was talked of the more absorbing it became. In three days from the time when it was first broached, the populace had reached a state of intense excitement on the subject. An impromptu meeting was held in the saloon, and the society at once formed under the high sounding title of "Coyote Hill Literary Society." A constitution and by-laws of a fearful and wonderful nature were framed, and adopted by a unanimous vote. Some exceptions, however, were taken to passages providing—

That no rough - and - tumble or any other kind of fighting should be

allowed during the sessions of the society.

That no games of chance—such as poker, euchre, old sledge, etc.—should be indulged in during the debate.

That members should not wear their hats, spit on the floor, call one another liars in the course of the debate even though the exigency of the case might seem absolutely to require it, or talk back to the president of the society.

These passages were objected to, on the grounds that they tended to interfere with freedom of speech and action—the estimable privilege of every American citizen, and especially dear to those of Coyote Hill; but when the necessity of such regulations was made apparent, the objections were withdrawn. Officers were then chosen, members elected to read essays and furnish declamations, a subject picked out for discussion, and the time and place appointed for the next regular meeting.

The proceedings of the society at the next meeting were of a particularly brilliant character, eliciting such an amount of eloquence, wit, and knowledge, that the disinterested spectators present were delighted, and at the conclusion affirmed with one voice that it was superior to a circus and only to be equalled by the Fourth of July. Although a description of the exercises, and especially of the debate which came last in order, might prove interesting and even instructive, I will refrain from giving it here as I desire to relate more particularly the consequences which grew out of that debate.

The subject—at least prolific, but by no means new—was the respective merits of the Sword and Pen. After a long and animated controversy, it was decided by the president in favor of the Pen—which happened to be the negative side of the question, and had been supported by several of the most prominent Coyote Hillites, at the head of whom was a

tall, gaunt, sandy-haired and whiskered specimen of humanity, who rejoiced in the appellation of Bob Galloway.

Among those who listened with profound attention to the arguments presented by the contending parties, was Jim Sykes. Sykes was, comparatively speaking, a new-comer on the Hill, having made his appearance only a month previous to the period at which my narrative commences. Though young in years, he was regarded by his associates with considerable deference on account of the superior education which he was generally supposed to have received. It was reported by those who knew him best that he had graduated with distinction at an Eastern college, had been a school teacher for some time before coming to California, and was thoroughly conversant with everything pertaining to history, science or philosophy. In short, to adopt the expressive if not elegant language of his admiring friends, he was "intellectually on it."

Sykes took no part in the discussion, although strongly urged thereto by those who had confidence in his abilities; but at the close he stepped up to Bob Galloway, who, flushed with victory, stood in the centre of the room, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and remarked:

"Bob, you have done very well indeed; but I don't think the affirmative of this question has been presented as it should be. If you will have the question discussed again at the next meeting, I should like to lead off in the affirmative in opposition to you. I think the decision can be reversed."

"Git out!" was the laconic response which the victorious Robert made to this proposition. He had no intention of risking the laurels already won, in an encounter with Sykes, who had the reputation of being an accomplished debater. Whatever may have been his feelings on the subject, they were overruled by the other members, who

received Sykes's proposal with enthusiasm; and the subject was duly appointed for re-discussion — no changes being made in the sides, with the exception of the appointment of Sykes as leader in the affirmative.

During the interval of three days preceding the next meeting, Coyote Hill was in a state of high excitement. Nothing was talked of but the Coyote Hill Literary Society, and the probable issue of the ensuing debate. The camp was divided into two parties: one faction espoused the side of the Sword and supported Sykes, and the other took its stand by the banner of the Pen, under the leadership of Galloway. Bets were freely made upon the heads of the contestants, and the party feeling was fully as intense as in the heat of a political campaign. Numerous fights grew out of the controversy, in consequence of which admirers of the Pen might have been seen going around the streets with noses from which the symmetry had departed, and eyes disguised in mourning; while champions of the Sword bore upon their countenances equally striking manifestations of the fervency of their beliefs.

Strict regard for historical truth compels me to say that the side of the Pen was decidedly in the minority, and betting was carried on briskly at the rate of two to one on Sykes. Even the most ardent supporters of Galloway, while defiant in public, did not hesitate to express their private conviction that Sykes must certainly win. The prospect of defeat was a bitter pill for them to swallow, for these rough miners had been wrought up to a pitch of intense enthusiasm over the society, and when they gained their point in the first discussion no warriors ever felt more exultant over a blood-bought victory than did they over their intellectual triumph. Considering defeat inevitable, however, they made up their minds to submit to it with the best grace possible, and were even capable of perpetrating

numerous uncouth jokes upon Bob with reference to his prospective annihilation by Sykes.

As for Bob himself, he awaited the coming of the debate with perfect equanimity—coolly assuring his party that there was no necessity for alarm, as Sykes would never carry the day.

One evening the adherents of the Pen assembled in a secluded retreat, and sat in the sweet enjoyment of social converse. The atmosphere around them was misty with tobacco smoke and redolent of the fragrance of whiskey; tranquillity hung over the conclave, undisturbed save by the thought of Sykes. On this occasion, Bob gave full expression to his sentiments.

"Never you mind, boys," he remarked, taking a chew of tobacco large enough for two ordinary men, and hitching up his trowsers as was his wont when laboring under any unusual mental excitement; "there's more'n one way of doing a thing, and if Sykes kin lay over us on the debate, we can play him out on some other string. If any feller in the crowd has any more money than he knows what to do with, I'll bet a few ounces that Sykes won't gain the question, and that he'll leave Coyote Hill the very next day, and never show his face around these diggings again."

"That's all very well to talk about, Bob!" put in Red-head Bill, one of his sincerest supporters; "but things look mighty scaly, and I'd like to know how you are going to manage to get the best of Sykes."

"Yes, that's it! how are you going to do it? Tell us how, Bob!" chimed in the balance of the conclave, getting more closely around the individual addressed.

Bob did tell them how, and then and there a plot was formed against the peace and dignity of Sykes which would have caused him considerable uneasiness had he been aware of it. Not here must I reveal the details of the plot; suffice it to say that it rela-

ted to a certain peculiarity for which Sykes was noted—namely, the use of the very largest words which Webster's Unabridged or any other dictionary afforded, on every occasion when he condescended to open his mouth in public. This was his most marked peculiarity—and an unfortunate one for him it proved. Like many other men, he endeavored in this way to keep up his reputation for learning—fondly imagining that the habitual use of large words in conversation indicated depth of knowledge and profundity of thought.

The evening—the eventful evening, big with the fate of Sykes and of the Coyote Hill Literary Society—at length arrived. At an early hour the Phoenix Saloon was filled with an assemblage comprising the beauty and chivalry of the camp. The reader, however, will be kind enough to regard the foregoing sentence as somewhat figurative in character, for, although chivalry was largely represented, beauty was decidedly scarce. At that early period the face of a white woman had never been seen in the vicinity; the untutored daughters of the forest, children of the noble red man—more frequently called by the honest miners the "cussed Digger,"—were the only representatives of the fair sex that ever favored Coyote Hill with their presence. One of these—a not very fine but exceedingly frail specimen of femininity—had found her way into the saloon, and stood leaning pensively against the wall, darting her small, black, glittering eyes over the audience with a vague expression of wonder visible in their depths. What thoughts filled her limited brain as she gazed on the scene, we know not, and it is not essential to this history that they should here be stated. They may have been tinged with deep philosophy; but it is more probable that they ran on whiskey, for she glanced frequently and longingly at the array of bottles behind the bar.

The president of the society was seated at one end of the room, upon a platform constructed of empty dry-goods boxes. Two candles blazed at each end of his desk, and a half-dozen more ranged around the room threw a fitful light over the scene.

The patrons of the Sword were seated together on a long bench extending along the side of the room. They were all in high spirits, puffing clouds of smoke, and looking around with an air that betokened inward assurance of victory. Sykes, instead of occupying the seat with his followers, paced slowly up and down the floor, displaying with each movement of his person the fact that his canvas pantaloons, liberally patched with flour-sacks, bore in various conspicuous positions the legends of "Self-rising," "Extra Superfine," and other fanciful inscriptions.

At the precise moment appointed for the commencement of the debate, neither Bob Galloway nor his associates had appeared; but just as the president called the meeting to order for the third time, they made their entrance in conjunction with a delegation of citizens from Soap Slide, who, animated with a laudable desire for self-improvement, had come over to hear the debate.

As the president cast his eye upon the Galloway faction, he noticed something that filled his inmost soul with astonishment. Each one of the party—ten in number—carried under his arm a book which strongly resembled, and which in fact proved to be, a copy of Webster's Dictionary. The volumes were not alike in size—ranging from the small pocket edition to the ponderous Unabridged. Where so many of them had been obtained was a mystery to all but Galloway and his companions, who had spent the greater part of three days in ransacking all the mining camps within twenty miles of the Hill for the purpose of collecting them. Placing them in a pile, on the

floor, in an easily accessible part of the room, they sat down—maintaining meantime an ominous silence.

This proceeding caused various sensations among the spectators and members of the society. Sykes stopped short in his walk, and gazed at the pile of dictionaries with a look of astonishment mingled with concern. Perhaps some suspicion of the nature of the conspiracy which had been formed against him crossed his mind at that moment; but whatever his inward thoughts, he gave no outward sign. The disinterested spectators gave vent to various expressions of wonder, while the president scratched his head thoughtfully, and having glanced hastily over the constitution and by-laws of the society to ascertain whether there was anything in them against such an unusual procedure, finally concluded that there was not, and formally called on Mr. James Sykes to open the debate in the affirmative.

Breathless silence came over the audience as Sykes arose and commenced his speech.

"Mr. President and fellow-citizens: The question before us to-night is one of momentous importance, and one which may be discussed to the great edification of this community. When we turn, Mr. President, to the pages of history, we find a remarkable concatenation of cir—"

"Hold on a minute, will you?" shouted Bob Galloway in stentorian tones. "Now, boys, I guess we'll hev to investigate a little!"

At this the ten arose as one man, and with Bob at their head made a rush for the pile of dictionaries; each man, seizing a copy, sat down on the floor, and began a hasty search through its pages.

"Con-con-con-con," buzzed the ten voices; "oh, yes, here it is! *concatenation*!"

The spectators for a moment were silent, but as the joke began to dawn on them they broke into a laugh;

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and certainly the spectacle of the ten on their knees, engaged in searching their dictionaries, was ludicrous enough. The laugh deepened to a roar, and as the absurdity of the thing became more and more apparent, all restraints were cast aside; the audience rose to their feet, and throwing up their hats and kicking over benches in the ecstasy of their delight, gave vent to a series of yells which would have done credit to an assemblage of Pawnee warriors. The president himself, so far from restraining the tumult, became entirely oblivious to the duties of his high position, and found relief for his feelings in executing an impromptu hornpipe around the edges of his platform.

Sykes alone remained motionless in his place. When the tumult had in a measure subsided and the attention of the audience was again turned to him, he was seen to be gazing at Bob and his confederates with wrath too deep for words. He felt that they had decidedly the best of him, that he could not possibly go on with his speech, but knew not what to say or do in retaliation.

His hesitation, however, was suddenly dispelled by the voice of Galloway, who closed his book and remarked:

"Go on, Sykes! we're ready for the next one!"

It was the crowning insult. Brimming over with righteous indignation, he seized the nearest missile—which happened to be a chair—and aimed it at the head of his adversary. Bob dodged it successfully, and retorted with a dictionary, which missed Sykes but struck one of the delegates from Soap Slide, who, taking it for a personal attack, picked up a short bench and launched it across the room. This did fine execution, knocking down three persons on the other side of the house. Of course, dozens now started forth from each side, and the fight at once became general. It was the finest opportunity for an extensive

free fight that the boys had seen for a long time, and they were not slow to take advantage of it.

In a few seconds, a wild, reckless, and belligerent mass of humanity was struggling around the floor, swearing, yelling, and striking—every man for himself, and without the slightest regard for the distinction between friend and foe. Chairs and benches were used freely in hand-to-hand struggles, or launched as missiles across the room; and in the latter way the reserved stock of dictionaries did noble service.

The hitherto sacred precincts of the bar were invaded, and when the bar-keeper ventured to remonstrate he was instantly put through the exciting but not altogether pleasant operation best described in the classical language of the vicinity as "having his head punched," and then thrown headforemost over his own counter. The contents of the bar were immediately brought into requisition in the fight. "O'erhead the fiery hiss" of gin and whiskey-bottles was heard, as they flew across the room and burst like shells wherever they struck.

In short, it was a fight famous in the annals of Coyote Hill to this very day. To enumerate one-half of the heroic deeds performed on the occasion would require the pen of a Homer. "Though Cormac's hundred bards were there, feeble were the voice of a hundred bards" to tell the tale; and far be it from me to attempt the task.

At the conclusion of the engagement, more than one-half of the combatants were on the slightly-wounded list; but none of the injuries were of a serious character. Bob Galloway, the grand cause of the row, escaped unscathed; but his opponent Sykes was not so fortunate. He was knocked down by a blow from behind in the beginning of the fight, and while down was trampled on by the others, without the slightest consideration for his personal comfort;

and when he at length emerged from the crowd on his hands and knees, he was furiously assaulted by no less a personage than Indian Mary. This lady had at first evinced a disposition to retreat from the scene, but as the fight progressed the savage blood which she inherited became aroused; and procuring a club, she awaited a favorable opportunity to join in the affray. As Sykes was already floored, she considered him an eminently suitable subject to demonstrate upon; and proceeded to do so with great vigor until the cessation of hostilities, when her operations were interfered with.

The next day, as Bob Galloway had predicted, Sykes bade Coyote Hill an eternal farewell. He never returned. The events of the previous evening had convinced him that a residence among such excitable people as those of Coyote Hill was not desirable. Tradition even records that as he stood on the brow of the hill overlooking the camp, and before he turned away forever, he shook his fist at the scene he was leaving, with an expression of the most intense malignity. Since that time the "Literary Society" has never been revived.

E. W. DRUMMOND.

MIDSUMMER - EVE.

BROAD shadows in the wake
Of zephyrs, breathing forth a last adieu,
Fall from the summits veiled in misty blue
Upon the quiet lake.

All things are wondrous fair:
The snowy clouds fade slowly out and die
In the far north of the deep-vaulted sky;
And on the stirless air

The scent of clover-blooms—
An incense to the dying god of day—
Smokes always up, and will not pass away
Amid the twilight glooms.

A splendor dyes the hill
That overlooks the meadow in the west,
Where the deep grasses daily lull to rest
The murmur of the rill.

So wanes the day apace,
Yet lingers far into the happy hours,
Until the mighty host of darkness lowers,
Then dies a death of grace.

G. E. WRIGHT.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

THE BOMBARDMENT of Paris by the Prussians, so far as relates to the injuries inflicted upon objects of art and collections of natural history, is much to be deplored. The pictures in the Louvre were fortunately removed. No less than eighty-three shells, according to a correspondent of the London "Times," fell within the area of the *Jardin des Plantes*. Four shells struck the glass houses and shattered them to atoms. The rare and delicate plants, exposed to the coldest nights of the year, were killed outright. All the Orchids, all the Clusiaceæ, Cyclanthææ, and Pandanææ, were completely destroyed either by the shells themselves or by the effects of the cold. The large Palm-house was destroyed, and the tender tropical contents were exposed to the bitter cold; yet, singular enough, although they suffered severely, not one has yet died. M. Decaisne, the eminent Botanical Director, while the bombs were shaking his house and the splinters were flying about the gardens, remained at his post, actively engaged in covering up his plants in blankets. Two shells fell into the zoological gallery, and one into the gallery of mineralogy, where it destroyed some beautiful specimens of palæontology. Three fell into the laboratories and museum, destroying a valuable collection of rare shells which had just been classified. The houses, historical as having been the residences of Cuvier and Buffon, did not escape. All through the terrible fortnight of the rain of shells, Decaisne, Chevreuil, and Milne-Edwards remained at their posts unable to rest.

The animals fared far better than the plants; not only have none of them been eaten by the population of Paris, as the latter fondly suppose, but although shells burst among them, they escaped uninjured. Of course, when food was so scarce for human beings, the monkeys and their companions were put on short allowance.

This fact, coupled with the extreme rigor of the season, increased the rate of mortality among them, and one elephant died, but was not eaten. The two elephants and camel that were eaten belonged to the *Jardin d'Acclimation*. The birds screamed and the animals cowered as the shells came rushing overhead and bursting near them, as they do when some terrific storm frightens them; latterly they seemed to become used to it. M. Decaisne, writing to the "Gardener's Chronicle," in reply to the suggestion of English horticulturists that contributions be made to replace the losses of plants by the bombardment, pathetically says, "Who will restore to us the Malpighiaceæ which our illustrious predecessor Adrian de Jussieu got together with so much pains? Who can give us back the old plants which were deposited here by such men as Aublet, Commerson, or Du Petit Thouars? For many years our stores must bear the traces of these cruel losses."

He is like Rachael mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted.

COLOSSAL FOSSIL SEA-WEED.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON, of Montreal, has described certain fossil trunks under the name of *Prototaxites Loganii*, as belonging to the oldest Coniferous wood. These, under microscopic examination, Mr. Carruthers has discovered to be really the stems of huge Algæ, belonging at least to more than one genus. They are very gigantic when compared with the ordinary Algæ of our existing seas; nevertheless, some approach to them in size is made in the huge and tree-like *Lessonias* which Dr. Hooker found in the Antarctic seas, and which have stems about twenty feet high, and with a diameter so great that they have been collected by mariners in these regions for fuel, under the belief that they were drift-wood. They are as thick as a man's thigh.—*The Academy*.

THE FRENCH INDEMNITY.

IN ORDER, says the "Independence Belge," to give our readers the real gist of the following, we retain some French words, explaining first that a milliard means a thousand millions. On the 31st of December next there will not have elapsed a milliard of minutes of time since the commencement of the Christian Era; that milliard of minutes will not be complete before the date of the 28th of March, 1901. If, consequently, there had been put in a safe a five-franc piece every minute since the beginning of the era alluded to, the indemnity of five milliards of francs would not be paid off in capital — interest exclusive — before midday of the 28th of March, 1901. The five-franc piece has a weight of 25 grammes, and the five milliards will therefore weigh 25 millions of kilos. — a weight which, if loaded on railway trucks, each containing 500 kilos. (five tons), would require five thousand trucks; estimated in copper, the weight alluded to would be 500,000,000 of kilos., and would require 100,000 railway trucks for being conveyed. The diameter of the five-franc piece is 37 millimetres; if, therefore, one milliard of these pieces are laid down so as to join quite closely, this would give a length of 37,000,000 metres = 37,000 kilos., equal to 74 times the distance from Paris to Strasburg, which is 500 kilos., and more than $32\frac{1}{2}$ times the distance from Paris to Berlin = 1134 kilos. It would therefore be possible to pave with one milliard of five-franc pieces, a road from Paris to Strasburg, which road would have a width of 74 five-franc pieces = 2.738 metres; or a similar road might be made from Paris to Berlin, and have a width of nearly 33 of the same pieces, that is 1.20 metre. In order to cover the surface of a square metre, 730 five-franc pieces are required; one milliard of these pieces will, therefore, cover 136 hectares, 98 ares, 63 centiares; that is to say, nearly three times more than the surface occupied in the Champ de Mars by the Exposition of 1867. * * When three pieces of five francs are placed upon each other, the height of the pile is equal to eight millimetres; the height attained by piling upon each other one mil

liard of these pieces would be 2,666,666 metres, 66 centims.; that is to say, if placed edgewise flat on the ground, the height would be within $158\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres, which is very nearly the distance between Paris and St. Petersburg.

FOSSIL AND LIVING FORMS.

MR. ROBERT ETHERIDGE has for a long time been assiduously engaged in preparing a catalogue of British fossils. He finds that while the recent species belonging to the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms in England are so far as enumerated less than 4,000, not less than 12,000 in a fossilized state have been described. The difference between the two is most preponderating among the Mollusks, of which there are over 7000 fossil species, and only about 600 recent. Among the reptiles there are 15 living species and 224 fossil.

CHICAO ACADEMY COLLECTION.

AT THE last meeting of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, Dr. Stimpson gave a preliminary report of the Natural History collections made during his trip to Florida and the Gulf Coast. They consisted of 105 Fishes, 346 Crustaceans, 70 Annelids, 951 Mollusca, and 105 Radiates. He collected 1500 specimens, embracing 125 species, from the Eocene-tertiary beds of Alabama. Some of the supposed extinct forms he afterwards discovered in the deep sea dredgings off the coast of Florida.

AURORA.

WE LEARN from New Zealand that a fine display of Aurora was seen in that colony on the 24th and 25th of October last. — *Nature*.

This is another instance that these displays are not confined to one hemisphere.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY

PROFESSOR AIRY, the Astronomer Royal, has been selected by the Council of the Royal Society as a fit and proper person to be nominated as President, in view of the contemplated resignation of General Sir E. Sabine. — *Nature*.

GEOLOGY.

AT A LATE meeting of the Geological Society of London, Prof. A. C. Ramsey made a very interesting communication "On the Red Rocks of England, of older date than the Trias," of which the following are the conclusions:

1. The Cambrian epoch was probably fresh water.

2. The old Red Sandstone, Carboniferous, Permian, and Trias were formed during one long continental epoch. This was brought to an end by partial submergence during the Jurassic epoch; and by degrees a new continental area arose, drained by the great continental rivers of the Purbeck and Wealden series, as shown in various parts of Europe.

3. This continent was almost entirely swallowed up in the Upper Cretaceous seas.

4. By subsequent elevation, the Eocene lands were formed, and with this continent there came a new terrestrial fauna. Most of the northern half of Europe since then has been continental, and its terrestrial fauna essentially of modern type. If, according to ordinary methods, we were to classify the old terrestrial fauna of North America, Europe, Asia, and probably Africa, a Palaeozoic epoch would extend from old Red Sandstone to Wealden times, and a Neozoic epoch, at least, from the Eocene period to the present day. The Upper Cretaceous strata would at present remain unclassified. The marine epoch would also be temporarily divided into two, Palaeozoic from Laurentian to the close of the Permian times, and all besides down to the present day would form a Neozoic series. The generic gaps between the two already begin to be filled up. The terrestrial and marine series at their edges at present overlap each other. The great life-gaps between the two terrestrial periods may some day be filled up by the discovery of the traces of old continents containing intermediate developments of structure, as yet undiscovered. — *Nature*.

PROF. HAIDINGER, a distinguished mineralogist, recently died at Vienna.

THE WAUKEGAN STAG.

THE BONES of a gigantic stag — now in the museum of the Chicago Academy of Sciences — which were disinterred last autumn, in a peat swamp near Waukegan, show strong affinities to those of the great Irish stag (*Megaceros hibernicus*). While they indicate an animal which stood, perhaps, equally high, he was less massive in his bony structure. He is supposed to have been distinct from the American moose (*Cervus alces*), but the bones will not be specifically described until a skeleton of the latter can be obtained for the purpose of comparison. It is probable that this stag will prove to be an extinct and undescribed species.

This note is given in answer to some queries in the last number of the "American Naturalist."

GIGANTIC TREE.

A NEW SPECIMEN of the *Sequoia gigantea* has lately been discovered near Visalia, California, which surpasses in magnitude all specimens hitherto observed. It is forty feet and four inches in diameter — thicker by seven feet than any specimen in the Mariposa grove.

The English botanists were the first to describe this most colossal of all forms of forest growth, and created a new genus — *Wellingtonia* — with the specific name *gigantea*, for its reception. American botanists undertook to create for it the genus *Washingtonia*, but by the laws of scientific discovery, the English botanists had priority in the nomenclature. Dr. Torrey, however, demonstrated that it belonged to the genus *Sequoia* (Red-wood), which it must hereafter bear.

THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE will hold its annual meeting in August next, at Indianapolis. Already the people of that city have taken steps to give the members a cordial welcome.

DR. HOOKER, the eminent English Botanist, has just started on a botanical expedition into the interior of Morocco — a hitherto almost untried field.

OWEN *VS.* DARWIN.

IT IS SAID that Prof. Owen, whom Mr. Darwin has handled somewhat roughly in his work on the "Descent of Man," will pay his respects to that individual through the "Edinburgh Review." Of all men living, perhaps there is no one who, by reason of his life-long study of the high themes treated of in that remarkable work, is more competent to criticise it than Prof. Owen. A criticism from this source would command the attention of the scientific world.

PROF. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, has been appointed a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, on the part of the United States, under an Act of Congress, to devise means by legal enactment to protect the food fish and fisheries on the high seas. The rapid decrease in fish suited for human food has long ago attracted the attention of the Seaboard States, and laws have been enacted to regulate the catchings in the inland waters.

Congress now very properly proposes to inquire whether such regulations ought not to extend to the high seas. A person more competent could not have been selected.

JOHN MURRAY, of London, has just brought out a new work by Sir Charles Lyell, "The Student's Geology," abundantly illustrated, and containing the latest discoveries in this science. We hope that some enterprising American publisher will reproduce this work in a form equal to the original.

MR. ABEL, PROFS. RAMSEY and HUGGINS have been invited to lecture this year to the members of the British Association at the forthcoming meeting at Edinburgh.—*Nature*.

MR. DARWIN's work on the "Descent of Man" has already, in England, passed to a third edition. This is an indication of its popularity.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE DESCENT OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S., etc. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

This is a remarkable work, whether viewed in reference to the amount of information gathered by the author in many departments of science, or the subtlety with which that information is marshalled to sustain a particular theory upon which the scientific opinion of the world is now divided.

Mr. Darwin first became known as the naturalist who accompanied H. B. M.'s ship the "Beagle," in a voyage around the world, and in the published results he evinced such rare powers of observation that he at once assumed a front rank as a man of science.

In 1859 he brought out a work entitled "The Origin of Species," in which the great law of "Natural Selection" was enunciated,—or in other words, after discussing the natural affinities of organic beings, their embryological relations, geographical distribution, and geological succession, he announced the conclusion that each species had not been independently created, but had descended like varieties from other species. Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, an explorer of both hemispheres in pursuit of objects of natural history, had independently arrived at the same conclusion, and from the Malay Archipelago transmitted a memoir on the subject to Mr. Darwin, with a request that he would forward it to Sir Charles Lyell. This eminent geologist caused it to be published in the "Journal of the Linnean Society,"

accompanied at the same time with extracts from Mr. Darwin's MS. memoir bearing upon the same subject. When Mr. Wallace was advised that his friend was engaged in a similar train of investigation, with a magnanimity which is rarely witnessed among authors, he at once relinquished the field to Mr. Darwin, with the acknowledgment that he of all men, by reason of his untiring patience in accumulating and his wonderful skill in combining facts, was best fitted for the work.

When the law of "Natural Selection" was first announced, it was not only coldly received but actually denounced as false by the elder naturalists, such as Owen and Agassiz; but it is now pretty generally accepted by the younger and rising men of science in both hemispheres. In France the influence of De Beaumont, Flourens, and other leading members of the Academy, has been exerted to suppress the spread of what is now known as "Darwinism;" but in England the great names of Lyell, Huxley, Hooker, and Lubbock are enrolled among its advocates, and in Germany those of Fritz Müller, Gegenbauer, Häckel and others. In this country the eminent botanist, Dr. Asa Gray, was among the first to adopt Mr. Darwin's views, and they have the sanction of the ablest of our younger naturalists, such as Cope, Gill, etc.

Mr. Darwin, a few years later, published another work, "The Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication," in which his peculiar views were still further elaborated; but in both of these works, the question of the descent of man was left, except incidentally, untouched.

In the present work we have his views in full upon this theme—the grandest that can engage our attention,—and it remains to be seen how far they will receive the sanction of those who have hitherto been classed amongst his supporters. The fact that it has already, in England, passed to a fifth edition, shows that a large body of readers have become interested in the discussion.

The pith of the matter is comprised in Chapter VI.; and that we may not be accused of garbling, we will give a sum-

mary, in Mr. Darwin's own language, of the genealogy of man:

"The most ancient progenitors in the Kingdom of Vertebrata, at which we are able to obtain an obscure glance, apparently consisted of a group of marine animals, resembling the larvæ of existing Ascidians. These animals probably gave rise to a group of fishes as lowly organized as the lancelet: and from these the Ganoids, and other fishes like the *Lepidosiren*, must have developed. From such fish a very small advance would carry us to the Amphibians. We have seen that birds and reptiles were once intimately connected together; and the *Monotremata* now in a slight degree connect mammals with reptiles. But no one can at present say by what line of descent the three higher and selected classes, namely, mammals, birds and reptiles, were derived from either of the two lower vertebrate classes, namely, Amphibians and Fishes. In the class of mammals the steps are not difficult to conceive which led from the ancient *Monotremata* to the ancient *Marsupials*; and from these to the early progenitors of the placental mammals. We may thus ascend to the *Lemuridæ*; and the interval is not wide to the *Simiadae*. The *Simiadae* then branched off into two great stems, the *New World* and the *Old World* monkeys; and from the latter, at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the Universe, proceeded.

"Thus we have given to man a pedigree of prodigious length, but not, it may be said, of noble quality."

There are, we think, insuperable objections to this theory, carried out in all its length and breadth. It involves the enquiry (an enquiry shunned by the author himself) into the origin of life,—whether such life was the result of spontaneous generation, chemical combination, or independent creative power; and whether the highest intelligences now existing, have, through the principle of Sexual Selection, been evolved from the lower classes of the Animal Kingdom.

In the limited space allotted to us we cannot discuss these questions in all their bearings, but we can give at least a summary of our views. Great as have been our advances in anatomy and physiology, we know little or nothing of the proximate principle of life. Man has not been able to rend the veil which shrouds the great womb of Nature. All experiments tending to show that inert matter, under his manipulations, can be imbued with the vivifying principle, may be pronounced abortive. There is nothing to prove that life may originate from spontaneous gene-

ration, or from artificial combinations of matter. Huxley himself rests in this conclusion. Parentage alone, so far as human observation goes, is the sole fountain of life.

Häckel, in the *Monera*, finds the simplest of conceivable organisms, which apparently present no definite shape, have no individual development, but grow and multiply by division. This discovery does not solve the question; it simply shows that the boundary between organized and unorganized forms is less clearly marked than had heretofore been supposed. Darwin himself does not grapple with this obscure problem, which must be solved before we can admit, to its full extent, his theory. We must, therefore, to account for the origin of life, resort to an original Creative Power; and it is no begging of the question to say that a Power which was capable of vivifying matter to develop into a monad, gemmule, or cell, was also capable of creating beings of the most complex form endowed with the highest attributes. Once admit the existence of a Creator, and we can assign no limits to his power. If that power were exerted in a single instance, it could be exerted in innumerable instances, and to produce an infinite variety of forms. In the transition of the earth from a state when it was "without form and void" to its present condition of beauty and order and harmony—and herein Revelation and Geology concur—the supposition is not more violent that different forms of organic life adapted to the varying conditions of its surface were successively introduced, than that such diversities were due to evolution from some obscure form like the *Monera*, carried on through an inconceivable lapse of time.

Another difficulty in accepting this theory to its full extent, is the absence in the geological record of specific forms linking together by almost imperceptible gradations the whole system of Animated Nature. As we trace back through infinite ages the stream of life, we ought to find in the various forms, a gradual approach towards an original prototype. When a particular type for the first time appears, it ought to be of a lower form and of less pronounced

characters than after it shall have developed itself by evolution; but let us enquire whether this is the fact.

The Animal Kingdom at this day is characterised by four grand divisions, viz: the Articulates, Radiates, Mollusks, and Vertebrates. Leaving out, in the Azoic, the problematical fossil—the *Eozoon Canadense*—we find the three first of these grand divisions represented at what we may call the dawn of organic life, and the remaining division—the Vertebrates—appears clearly in the Devonian, although traces of fishes have been detected in the Upper Silurian. Between that period and the present, there has been an almost infinite lapse of time. The doctrine of "Progressive Development" has long since been discarded as untenable; and if the Darwinian theory be true, we ought to be able to trace up the stream of life towards a common fountain—to discover lines radiating from a common centre; but so far from this being the case the, four grand divisions of life were maintained in the Palæozoic period as distinct as at the present time. There is no insolation, so to speak—no intermingling of forms to confuse the palæontologist. The boundaries are clear and well-defined. Nor did the system of life commence with the lower and obscure forms, which with each step of development attained to a higher grade. The earliest Crustaceans were at the summit of the Entomostracans; the earliest Fishes were not of a degraded type; the earliest Reptiles were not the lowest Amphibians. The swimming saurians of the Cretaceous period were superior in size and strength to the crocodiles and alligators of the present day. Now by the theory of evolution, instead of finding types of the highest form abruptly introduced, as we do in past geological history, we ought to find a gradation from a lower up to a higher form; and this anomaly, we think, cannot be explained by the alleged defectiveness of the geological record.

In the history of the past we have abundant evidence of the utter extinction of whole tribes, families, and genera, and at the same time there are living genera

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whose origin stretches back to the dawn, so far as we know, of organic life. The race of Trilobites, Graptolites, and Cystidians are examples of extinction, and the genera of *Lingula*, *Nautilus*, *Terebratula*, etc., of survivorship. The *Lingula prima* of the Potsdam sandstone epoch, differs very slightly from the species now living in different parts of the ocean. The Trilobites, on the other hand, did not become extinct by reason of evolution into other crustacean forms, but by some overwhelming calamity. While thus, we think, generic characters have remained constant, specific characters may be the result of variation. We admit, with Darwin, the imperfection of the geological record. If it were complete, many of the great life-gaps would be materially reduced. If the whole series of *Lingulæ* were arranged before the most skilful palæontologist, it would be difficult for him, we opine, to point out where one species began and another ended. Mr. Davidson, in investigating the fossil Brachiopods of the British Isles, in proportion as the materials for observation accumulated, felt the necessity of reducing the number of species. Thus the *Atrypa unguicularis*, a Devonian type, becomes *Spirifer Urii* in the Carboniferous, and *S. Clannyana* when it reaches the Permian.

In this then consists, we think, the great merit of Darwin's labors; and that is, that species are not necessarily the result of independent creations, but of modification through the principle of natural selection. Mr. Darwin, as we have seen, extends this reasoning not only to genera, tribes, and families, but even to the four great divisions of animal life. Sufficient facts have not been accumulated to justify such a sweeping generalization. There is no finely-graduated scale to show that the polyp passed into the mollusk, the mollusk into the fish, the fish into the amphibian, the amphibian into the mammal, and the mammal into the higher form of man. So in the Vegetable Kingdom, there are slight grounds to believe that the noble Palm or the sky-piercing Sequoia has sprung from the floating fucoid.

The inference drawn from the homo-

logous structure in the Vertebrates, we also think unwarranted. It is well known that the hand of a man or a monkey, the foot of a horse, the fin of a fish, the flipper of a seal, and the wing of a bat or bird, are constructed on the same general plan. Man is developed from an ovule which differs in no respect from an ovule of other animals. There is, says M. Quatrefages, nearly absolute identity of anatomical structure, bone for bone, muscle for muscle, nerve for nerve,—similar organs performing like functions. Now this unity of plan proves, not, we think, that the varied forms of life have sprung from one original prototype, but that a common set of organs were furnished to each individual to enable him to carry out the purposes of existence, such as reproduction, nourishment, self-protection, etc.

The capacity of animals is known to be hedged within comparatively narrow bounds, and can be but slightly enlarged by education. The young beaver, in his first essay, can construct as good a dam as the veteran. The young bird, prior to her first incubation, is not at a loss how to build her nest. Man, however, has the peculiar gift of improvable reason; but it is only by long practice, and by availing himself of the experience of the past, that he is enabled to construct even the implements in ordinary use, and which are essential to his comfort. The pre-historic man who first undertook to cleave a flint nodule into a spear head, undoubtedly made a failure. Such a thing as the division of labor, which is the basis of all perfection in the practical arts, is, among the lower animals, unknown. Man, then, is a compound animal. He has certain physical qualities which link him with the brute, but at the same time certain intellectual qualities which are but imperfectly shared by the lower animals. "He stands," says Hallam, "on the frontier land between animal and angelic natures."

Man, not through the exercise of his physical powers, for in this respect he is far inferior to almost every mammal, but by the immense superiority of his intellectual powers, has made himself the lord of creation. While the monkey is exceedingly

restricted in geographical range, man flourishes equally well beneath the burning sun of the Tropics and within the Arctic Circle. While man constructs elaborate houses to shelter him, and the most complex machinery to subserve his wants and conveniences, the highest evidence of construction exhibited by the highest form of monkeys, consists in building a rude platform of sticks among the branches of trees, on which to repose. The Chimpanzee, in a state of nature, cracks an indigenous fruit somewhat like a walnut, with a stone; and this is about the only instance cited where an animal makes use of a tool. While man has an articulate language to express precise shades of meaning, the monkey has only five or six different notes to express in a general way, the emotions of joy, grief and fear. Man is the only animal born to walk erect; and this is accomplished by an articulation of the foot at right angles with the leg, so that both heel and toe touch the ground. Baboons have almost the gait of a dog, and the gorilla runs with a sidelong shambling pace. In man the hand is the most distinguishing zoological member—an instrument fitted for the most delicate and varied work. The arms, less in length than the lower limbs, are left free. In the monkey there is no such arrangement. The hand is used as an organ for prehension, while the arm, protracted to deformity, is used as an organ for locomotion. The monkey can stand erect, but it is an unnatural and constrained position. Man was evidently designed to walk the earth; the monkey to find its home among the trees. In man the cranium is placed on the top of the vertebral column, so that when in a natural position a plumb line dropped from its point of support, falls through the centre of gravity between the feet. In the monkey such a line would fall far in advance of the organs of locomotion. Man differs from all other animals in the magnitude of his brain—in the immense development of the hemispheres of the cerebrum, and in the number and depth of the convolutions by which the vascular surface is augmented. The largest European skull yet measured had a capacity of 114 cubic

inches, the smallest about 63 inches. The Neanderthal cranium, claimed to be of the highest antiquity, must have had a capacity, according to Huxley, of about 75 inches. The largest cranium of a gorilla yet measured contained 34.5 cubic inches.

We are not aware that the brain of the highest anthropoid types has ever been weighed, but there is a marked disparity in the weight of the human brain and those of the most sagacious quadrupeds. The brain of man weighs about two pounds and a half, or 1-35th of the body; that of the dog averages 1-120th; that of the horse, 1-450th; that of the sheep, 1-750th; and that of the ox, 1-800th. Regarding the brain as the seat of the intellectual power, the immense superiority of man over the brutes is clearly indicated by the scale above given. If the brain of man were not poised on the top of the vertebral column, but carried prone as in the brute, it would become an annoying incumbrance, and difficult to support. While then, there is a marked resemblance in structure, but not in volume, between the brain of man and the apes, the latter are not characterized by any marked development of those mental powers which preëminently distinguish man; in fact, in sagacity and intelligence they fall far below the dog, the elephant, and the horse. There is no evidence of the existence in the monkey, or even the dog, of that immortal principle which we call the soul,—of the idea of self-consciousness or individuality which leads man to reason as to whence he comes and whither he shall go,—or, in other words, upon the mysteries of life, death and eternity; no moral sense by which to gauge his actions; and far less a comprehension of a Creator and Ruler of the Universe by whom he shall be adjudged. There is little doubt in drawing the line where instinct terminates and intellect begins.

The gap, then, between man and the highest anthropoid type, as admitted by Darwin himself, is immense; and until it can be bridged over by the discovery of numerous intermediate forms we are reluctant to adopt his conclusions.

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described man's position in the Animal Kingdom in words not only highly poetical but scientifically accurate:

"A creature, who, not prone
And brute, as other creatures, but endured
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright, with front serene,
Govern the rest, self knowing."

J. W. F.

NOTE.—As to man's position in Animated Nature, we may appropriately quote the noble words with which Humboldt concludes his first volume of *Cosmos*.

"Whilst we maintain the unity of the human species, we at the same time repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men. There are races more susceptible of cultivation, more highly civilized, more ennobled by mental cultivation, than others—but none in themselves nobler than others. All are in like degree designed for freedom; a freedom which in the ruder conditions of society belongs only to the individual, but which in social states enjoying political institutions appertains as a right to the whole body of the community. If we would indicate an idea which, throughout the whole course of history, has ever more widely extended its empire—or which more than any other testifies to the much contested and still more decidedly misunderstood perfectibility of the whole human race—it is that of establishing our common humanity—of striving to remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected amongst men, and to treat all mankind without reference to religion, nation or color, as one fraternity, one great community, fitted for the attainment of one object, the unrestrained development of the physical powers. This is the ultimate and highest aim of society, identical with the direction implanted by nature in the mind of man towards the indefinite extension of his existence. He regards the earth, in all its limits, and the heavens as far as the eye can scan their bright and starry depths, as inwardly his own, given to him as the object of his contemplation, and as the field for the development of his energies. Even the child longs to pass the hills and seas which enclose his narrow home; yet when his eager steps have borne him beyond those limits, he pines, like the plant, for his native soil; and it is by this touching and beautiful attribute of mind—this longing for that which is unknown, and this fond remembrance for that which is lost—that he is spared from an exclusive attachment to the present. Thus deeply rooted in the innermost nature of man, and even enjoined upon him by the highest tendencies—the recognition of the bond of humanity becomes one of the noblest leading principles in the history of mankind."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE OGILVIES. A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS. HUMOROUS Selections of Prose and Poetry, for the use of Reading Clubs and for Public and Social Entertainment. Edited by Lewis B. Monroe. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

LECTURES, Clinical and Didactic, on The Diseases of Women. By R. Ludlam, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, in Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago. Chicago: C. S. Halsey.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, written by himself. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company and S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

GABRIELLE ANDRÉ. An Historical Novel. By S. Baring-Gould, M.A., author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

DESK AND DEBIT; or the Catastrophes of a CLERK. By Oliver Optic. (Upward and Onward Series.) Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. (W. B. Keen & Cooke, Chicago.)

HEAT. By Jacob Abbott, author of "Abbott's Illustrated Histories," etc. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. By Miss Mulock, author of "The Ogilvies," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

ANTEROS. A Novel. By the author of "Guy Livingstone," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

THE MONARCH OF MINING-LANE. A Novel. By William Black, author of "In Silk Attire," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

A SMALLER SCRIPTURE HISTORY. In Three Parts. Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. (The Western News Company, Chicago.)

GOOD FOR NOTHING. A Novel. By Whyte Melville, author of "Digby Grand," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THOUGHTS ABOUT ART. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "A Painter's Camp," New Edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

A VISIT TO MY DISCONTENTED COUSIN. Handy-Volume Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

THE GENESIS OF SPECIES. By St. George Mivart, F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.)

CHIT-CHAT.

—ONE OF THE newspapers which discussed the case of the homicidal philologist Ruloff (and they all discussed him until, if discussing could kill a man, Ruloff had had no need of a hangman) entitled its essay on the subject, "Ought a Philologist to be choked to death?" which the Average Reader of current literature is rather disposed to answer, "As philologists run now - a - days, *yes*."

But in thus condemning to the halter the philologist of the period, irrespective of any murders which he may have committed except upon the King's, or rather the people's English, the Average Reader aforesaid would not express any disrespect for the efforts of those who investigate thoroughly the history of our words, and labor to preserve the purity of the language, without sacrificing aught of its flexibility or its rigor. The Trenches and Marshes of our English philology, who, after taking a thorough survey of the present status of our vernacular, have locked themselves up for years with the best writers of the purest periods, and fed, as it were, on nothing but Anglo Saxon roots, and the undisputed elements of our tongue — these students and authors are entitled to great respect, though all of them are liable to the drawback of being purists, and of espousing the cause of the Past, through partiality begotten of the very intimacy which entitles them to be heard at all.

The person to whom the Average Reader is supposed to object, in the first paragraph, however, is the superficial amateur philologist of the period of whom in America Richard Grant White is at once the most pretentious and the most entitled to his pretensions. These are the geniuses who are continually calling our attention to the impropriety of saying *realize*, the atrocity of articulating the word *donate*, and above all, the blood-

thirstiness of uttering the word *couple* except upon a properly authenticated certificate of the marriage of the two articles thus referred to. Also, and particularly, they caution us against taking upon our lips that shocking word *reliable*; because, they say, don't you see that *rely* means to defend — is not a transitive verb — therefore anything cannot be *relied*, — hence there's no such word as *reliable* in the bright lexicon of the correct writer or speaker! Then there's *mutual*, on which they are specially strong. *Mutual*, they sagely observe, means reciprocal. They do not stop to add that if *mutual* means reciprocal — "only that and nothing more" — there's a clear superfluity of one word in our language, and that either *mutual* or *reciprocal* had better be mustered out at once. They insist, however, that *mutual* must never be used in the sense of *common*, and that we consequently cannot say "Our mutual friend." To which a sufficient answer would perhaps be that of the Ohio justice, who, being told that he could n't send a prisoner to jail for such an offence, silenced his adviser with, "Nonsense, man, I *have* sent him." We *do* say "our mutual friend" — Charles Dickens and all of us; and we say it for the same reason that we call a spade a spade; viz: that no other word answers the purpose as well — that is, expresses the meaning so unmistakably. The only other expression would be "our *common* friend," and that would lay our friend open to the suspicion of being a very common fellow. How would one of our rampant and unchoked philologists like to be called "common"?

One of the least absurd of these popular essays on abused words has lately appeared in a Boston paper. It contains, on the whole, some good advice, of which doubtless a great many careless writers for the daily and weekly press stand in

need. But along with such puerilities as a direction that "*either* should be followed by *or*, and neither by *nor*," it gives us many finical cautions which are quite as well honored in the breach as the observance. It warns us emphatically against saying, colloquially, "a couple of books," or a couple of anything except when treating of objects in a social and intersexual way. "A couple," the writer tells us, "is two persons or things *coupled*." Well now, if a speaker or writer chooses to "couple" any two things which he has in his mind, whether books, weeks, or rhinoceroses, has he not a right to do so? and being coupled, are they not a *couple*? and being a couple, can they not be called a couple? *Donate, mutual, and standpoint*, — standing victims with this class of writers — also come in for their share of contumely, together with other innovations upon the ancient English, and words which, if sanctioned by usage, are perhaps irregularly formed, and therefore should be thrown away. Just as the jeweller throws away the diamonds which do not fit the setting of a particular ring!

The fact is, the most of the tabooed words have more of a *raison d'être* than these smart writers realize (if we may be allowed the use of this last barbarism). If they had interloped into our language and nobody had wanted them here, would they not have been kicked out as intruders? Who wants a word on his mind which is of no use to him? It may be urged that one sometimes takes up an illegitimate word merely to save the trouble of looking up the legitimate one. And this is often true; but it is oftener true that the word criticised is a really useful word, adding either to the vivacity or flexibility of the language (in which respect it is behind its two great rivals, the French and German), or else the vigor, for which our tongue is unexcelled. A great many of the words to which American necessities and American inventiveness have given birth, have been adopted into the vocabulary of good writers and speakers in Great Britain, and may now be daily encountered in the English press and parliament. In fact there is no more reason why we should plough away in the fields of thought

with only the implements which Shakspeare and Milton used, than there is for using in our trades and industries only the tools and machines which were used by the subjects of Elizabeth and Charles I.

— THE BERLIN PAPERS have a story in connection with a divorce suit now pending in that city, which is quite out of the common. A blind German heiress, still young and not ugly, sympathetic and susceptible, was so worn upon by *ennui* in consequence of her sad condition, that she advertised for a person to read to her and otherwise give her the benefit of superior mental attainments for an hour every day. Among those who answered this advertisement was a young medical student who had been obliged to abandon his studies for want of means. Him the blind lady selected to be a sort of second sight to her; and he, finding the situation lucrative, gave up his position of proof-reader on a daily paper, and becoming more and more necessary to her, as time went on, he began to take a strong interest in his duties and in his employer. As for the lady, she began insensibly to treat him as a friend rather than as a paid subordinate. By and by she became so anxious for his comfort that she would not let him read so much to her, for fear that his lungs might thereby be injured; but insisted in passing a good deal of the allotted time in conversation with him. The evidence before the Court shows that the young man did not abuse his position, but that the lady, who conceived a growing passion for him, and who had fallen in love with his sympathetic and well modulated voice, found means to let him know the state of her feelings. Whereupon, he not being averse (since love begets love), was not backward in performing *his* part of the little romance, and an engagement was speedily followed by a marriage. For a little while these two were happy; then the husband began to turn his medical and surgical knowledge to account, and at last, by devoting himself entirely to the case, he succeeded in restoring his wife's sight! At first she overflowed with gladness and gratitude; but presently she began to scrutinize her husband askance with her newly acquired

sight, to see what manner of man he was whom she had at first loved for his voice alone. It did not take her very long to decide that he was unbearably ugly. Alas, poor fellow! he had red hair, large ears, what the physiognomists would call an exceedingly executive nose, and the mouth of a Titan! In view of these things his wife forgot all the extenuating circumstances in the case; but above all the rest, she conceived a great aversion to his hand—his great, ugly red hand, which had restored her sight, and which, instead of hating, she ought to have covered with kisses and pressed to her heart, every day of her life! She has petitioned for a divorce, and there is something about false pretences, because he did not tell her how ugly he was before he married her! He replies he did not think that this was necessary, as she could not see him. The husband should be thankful that the real character of his wife has at length been revealed to him, and instead of grieving over her defection he should say that it is better late than later!

—A FEW DAYS AGO there might have been seen entering the quiet town of Columbus, Ohio, a noble prince and his suite. Perhaps we should say a prince and his train, since the gentleman came by train—the express train from the East. It was none other than the Prince de Lynar; and lest the readers of *THE LAKESIDE* should be puzzled to know who the deuce the Prince de Lynar is, we will explain—perhaps at the expense of romance, which we greatly regret, since we desire to be intensely romantic in the narration—that the Prince de Lynar is a Prussian gentleman (if it is not amiss to call a prince a gentleman) of Austrian antecedents, and that he has lately served on the personal staff of the doughty old warrior Kaiser Wilhelm himself. It is hinted that his Serene Highness, in leaving Europe awhile for this barbarian land, did not have to exercise much violence to tear himself away from his estates, which consists mainly of *Chateaux en Espagne*, and can be left with the stewards with entire impunity.

Have you guessed what errand brought our noble prince to Columbus? It was

naught less than to bear away as his bride her fairest, or at least her richest daughter. Miss May Parsons, the heroine of our tale, is the daughter of old man Parsons, whose dollars require seven figures to notate them. She has beauty and accomplishments, as well as fortune; and some of these three so charmed the Prince in Paris a year or two ago, that his Serene Highness could hardly say his Serene Highness's soul was his Serene Highness's own until he had been promised the hand of his enchantress. This useful member of Miss Parsons was formally bestowed, "on the day referred to in our opening chapter," as we romancers always say. And not only the hand of the daughter was given, but the note of hand of the father for \$100,000. The Prince seems to have made a special point of this. His first advances to the paternal Parsons on the subject of dower do not seem to have been met in a manner to indicate on the old man's part, a sufficient appreciation of the honor of having for a son-in-law a Prince with a family tree dating several hundred years back. (We should mention that Miss Parsons—that was; the Princess that is—is a thoroughbred also. Her grandfathers on both sides were titled—the one having been a Doctor and the other a Judge.)

The father said he would give the girl \$50,000 to set up house-keeping with, and if they behaved well he might give her more by and by; but he would not promise anything. If his Serene Highness did not like that, his Serene Highness might get out. This language was, of course, very unfitting for the occasion, and only shows the folly of having rude Yankee people mixed up in our romances. The Prince, however, did not take himself off in high dudgeon. He went, rather, to the mother-in-law of his choice, and besought her interference. That lady seems to have been more keenly alive than her better half to the fact that a real Prince is a handy thing to have in the house. She has a fortune in her own right, and out of this she settled an additional dower of \$50,000 upon the daughter. The Prince de Lynar's ideas of his own pecuniary value were satisfied by this, and the nup-

tials were arranged and duly celebrated; the Prince bringing a Baron von Something to stand up with him, the bride arraying her titled relatives in advantageous positions, and herself in her white satin dress and her \$150 chemise. These last are fondly described by a Jenkins of the occasion, who also mentions with commendable minuteness that the confectionery of the wedding supper was "from Gus. Stevens & Co.'s (late Ambo's), and did great credit to their skill and artistic taste"—as if Gus. Stevens (late Ambo) were not in the daily habit of administering caramels to the crowned heads of Europe!

The Prince knows not a word of English, except the "Yes" of the marriage service, which he had politely learned for the occasion. If his bride the Princess—that is; Miss Parsons that was—were equally innocent of the continental tongues, the couple "might be happy yet;" but unfortunately she speaks French, and will doubtless find that her Prince can scold as well as woo in that flexible tongue—particularly if the \$100,000 gives out too soon.

But lest this close of the tale should be less romantic than its opening, let us retract so much of it as is necessary, and substitute therefor Rip Van Winkle's kindly toast—The Prince's good health and his family's good health; may they live long and prosper!

—THE FAMILY of feminine nouns have formed a special subject of much talk of late, the strife being between those who are prone to dub everything with the termination *ess* for the benefit of the female sex, and those who, at the opposite extreme, go for the abolition of all distinction of sex in grammar, even to the disuse of *lioness* and *governess*, we suppose. (Undoubtedly *she-lion* is a better word in the former instance, though *she-governor* would hardly express the specific meaning which has been attached to the word *governess*.) We have seen no rule, however, which furnishes the writer a trustworthy guide in the handling of these words—no middle course in which, as the proverb assures us, *tutissimus ibis*. What is the rule whereby the writer may know where

to stop with his terminal *esses*? Late lexicographers have been so mad in their haste to outnumber each other in words that their vocabularies are really no safe guide in the matter. Also, the tendency of women toward occupations hitherto filled exclusively by men has led to the coining, off-hand, of many words of this sort. Some of these should therefore be excluded which have already been smuggled into use. If the criterion were to be the taste merely, we should offer a rule similar to that which the housewife gives concerning the concoction of rhubarb, or pie-plant, pies. She says, "put in sugar as long as your conscience will let you, then shut your eyes and throw in another handful." Similarly, the writer who is endeavoring to weed out all bastard words from his vocabulary should clip off *esses* until his taste says "enough," and then make a slash for a few more. But there is a *rationale* which governs the matter less loosely. First, we cannot properly disturb those sex indices which have become established by many years of usage, such as *actress*, *priestess*, *preceptress*, *governess*, etc. The most of these words are formed from nouns whose termination *or*, from the Latin, implies masculinity, whereas the Anglo-Saxon termination *er* does not: thus, *maker*, *singer*, *thinker*, and the thousands of words in *er*, which, formed from verbs, denote simply the agent of the action described, without conveying any hint of sex. Others of the admissible words in *ess* are those, like *laundress*, *seamstress*, etc., which have no corresponding masculine form, and those which, like *governess*, *priestess*, etc., have specific meanings other than that of sex. It is not incumbent upon us, however, to retain the *ess* upon all nouns formed from those in *or*; for as the tendency of the age is toward the abolition of distinction in sex as to occupations and offices, so the distinction which grammar makes should be abolished. Thus it is better to refer to Mrs. A. B., or Miss C. D. as the *editor* of such a paper, or the *author* of such a book, or a *director* of such a benevolent society, or a *doctor* of medicine, than as an *editress*, *authoress*, *directress*, or *doctress*. Utterly needless are such distinctions as are made

by flippant writers in the use of such words as *lecturess*, *poetess*, *presidentess*, *waitress*, *adventuress*, *et id omne genus*. While we acquiesce in the introduction of new words which serve useful purposes, we cannot defend the invasion of the vocabulary by a horde of barbarians such as these words last cited, which are not only of no valuable use, but which militate against the liberal spirit of the age.

— AN ACCOUNT of the arrival of the first battalion of the Second Landwehr regiment of the guards at Berlin on their return from the war, may be taken as a fair example of the way in which the German troops from all parts of the country are welcomed home again. This regiment consisted entirely of the solid married men of Berlin, and its expected arrival had drawn a great crowd of relatives and friends to the railway station. Every one of these was literally laden down with wreaths and bouquets for the coming conquerors. It was not known with precision at what hour of the morning the trains bearing them would arrive, and so as early as three o'clock the impatient wives and children began to assemble in holiday dress. At eight o'clock the cars rumbled into the depot, and then what a scene ensued! The embraces, the shouts of joy, the clapping of hands, glad laughter and broken questioning, lasted an hour, and at nine o'clock the battalion was ready to march—the men all bedecked with wreaths and branches of flowers. But a great lack of the usual discipline was observable. In fact, for once these hardy Prussians were completely demoralized. Each man had his "frau" tucked under his arm, and a great many of them carried in their arms some favorite child, while their friends and troops of older children were carrying the renowned needle-guns and the war-worn knapsacks! In this manner, headed by Gen. Von Löwe, and preceded by the merry music of the band of the Fusilier Guards, they arrived in front of the Palace. Here, the ranks were "weeded;" decorum was restored, and notice was sent to the Emperor of their arrival. Very soon the Crown Prince, in a General's uniform, came out and took the

command; and a little later the Emperor appeared to welcome them. But they went through the review in a manner which plainly showed how the brave hearts of these stout Prussians had been demoralized by home sights and home sounds, causing the Emperor to smile good naturedly; but he did not conceal his joy at seeing his beloved giants safely back in Berlin. The Tambour Major was flanked on each side by the two dogs belonging to the battalion. One of these, a spitz, was called "Strasburg;" and the other, a black poodle, answered to the name of "Paris." The two dogs were decorated with immense wreaths which were hung about their necks, and marched gravely in their respective places.

— SEVERAL biographical sketches of Mons. Thiers have been published since he has been brought up prominently before the world as the head of the Versailles government, all of which contain one of three several assertions, viz: that Mons. Thiers is the son of a locksmith, of a blacksmith, or of a linen draper. All three of these statements are erroneous.

The father of Thiers was an advocate, a member of the Parliament of Marseilles; and the maiden name of his mother was Marie Madelaine Amie. His grandfather on the father's side was also an advocate of the Marseilles Parliament, and at the same time Director of the Archives of that body. His grandfather on the mother's side was a General Deputy of the Marseilles Board of Trade under Louis XV. at Constantinople; and there he married a Greek lady named Santi-Lamoika, whose sister was the wife of the French Consul General at that place, Louis de Chenier, a relative of the poet Andre de Chenier, who perished on the guillotine. Thiers's mother was a cousin of Andre de Chenier. She was an unusually energetic woman, and educated her son with great care, and took the greatest pride in all his success. But she nevertheless always lamented his departure from the doctrines of the Legitimists, of whom she was herself a staunch supporter; always keeping the portrait of the Count de Chamford (Henri Cinq as his followers called him) hung up in her bed-chamber. The father of Thiers died dur-

ing the reign of Louis Phillippe and in complete obscurity. There is in France both a town and a village called Thiers, and two other places called Thiersville.

—A CORRESPONDENT writing from Lake Forest, Ill., thinks he can work the Tennysonian vein to advantage. Chiming in with the general admiration for the British Laureate's recent poem, "The Loves of the Wrens," he has constructed a sort of epic which may be called a domestication of the Wren affair. He calls it "The Loves of the Hens"—the "love" having evidently a gastronomic application similar to that implied by the hearty Fiji chief when he said that he loved missionaries—particularly boiled. In this view "The Loves of the Hens" is not only an epic but an epicurean composition. We put the two poets against each other in parallel passages. The reader, having paid his penny, can take his choice:

TENNYSON

Two little hands that meet
Clasped on her seal, my sweet!
Must I take you and break you,
Two little hands that meet?
I must take you and break you,
And loving hands must part—
Take, take—break, break,
Break, you may break my heart,
Faint heart never won—
Break, break, and all's done.

LAKE FOREST.

Two little feet that meet,
Clasped on the roost, my sweet!
Must I take you and break your neck—
Cut off those little feet that meet?
I must take you and break your neck,
And pick off every feather;
Take, take—break, break.
We'll all be gay together.
Faint heart ne'er won—
A flutter—a flap—and all is done.

—MANY persons use the arithmetical terms millions and billions without ever realizing their true import. The popular German writer, Julius Rodenburg, once stated in a work on London that the great city on the Thames devours annually *two billions* (English, 2,000,000,000,000,) of herrings. Now this does not sound very big for a city with a population like that of London, and most of his readers swallow this fish story without suspicion; but one

of them went to work and after some extensive ciphering found that if Rodenburg had not exaggerated, every inhabitant in London must eat daily 2,740 herrings, or 114 herrings in an hour! Supposing that at the moment when Christ was born a man had commenced to put away every minute one dollar, and that his descendants had continued the task up to the present moment; do you think that by this time a thousand millions of dollars (a French *millard*) would be accumulated? No indeed! Since Christ was born, 984,000,000 minutes only have happened, and not before 1902, A. D., would the thousand million of dollars be accumulated.

—A NEW interpreter of "Faust" has risen in the person of a Mr. William Kyle, an Englishman who prints at Nuremberg, Germany, a work in English which he oddly calls, "A New Key to Goethe's Faust."

I. An exposition of the symbolic terms of the Second Part of Faust.

II. How this part of the poem proves itself to be a dramatic treatment of the modern history of Germany.

III. The Prologue and First Act completely explained—the other acts generally explained.

This is the long-winded title of this queer book, of which an eminent German critic says:

Our new English commentator is not satisfied with any of the previous explanations of Faust, "which" he says, "illuminate the work as little as a candle does the depths of the ocean." The whole work rests on the poor supposition that "Faust" *must* represent the history of the German people. In Mr. Kyle's "Key" German, English and French history, literature, and politics are jumbled wildly together, and the poem is made to appear only as a distorted masquerade of German history, fortunately existing only in the head of this author, whom we are unable to thank for the present which he sends us from good old Nuremberg.

We can only answer him in Goethe's words:

"What grounds have we found here?
We know not whether they be up or down!"

—PROFESSOR MORITZ VON SCHWINDT died on the 8th of February, at Munich, from congestion of the lungs, complicated with an accumulation of fatty matter about the heart. He was born in 1804, at Vienna; and was among the most eminent of modern German artists. His best known work is an immense painting known as the "Seven Ravens." His last finished production was an illustration of the German fairy legend of "The beautiful Melusina," which was so popular that last year it was carried from city to city of Germany, and drew immense crowds at every exhibition. At the time of his death he was engaged on a series of illustrations for the poems of the venerable German dramatist and poet, Grillparzer, which are left unfinished.

A mutual acquaintance of Von Schwindt and Kaulbach was in the studio of the latter when a brother artist entered, bringing the news of Von Schwindt's death. Kaulbach, after expressing the sincerest sorrow, said:

"He was indeed a true artist and a great one! No one else knew as well as he did how to idealize and at the same time truthfully depict genuine German life. In him German forest scenery had its best portrayer, and who has ever so perfectly penetrated into the mysteries and beauties of the German legend? We shall never have a second Melusina! Ah! he charmed the whole world with that one picture! In Art he had no antagonist and no ill-natured critics; for it is comparison that engenders bitterness and envy; and Von Schwindt stood alone in his peculiar calling as an artist. And personally he was so worthy! He was cheerful, and he knew how to make others merry; and there was nothing sour or cynical about his humor. How often has he criticised my painting in his comical, waggish way, but so kindly that no one could feel hurt. We laughed together over his droll remarks. I enjoyed his bantering, though I might not have endured it so well from any other. And now he has gone from us forever! All

this is lost to us! We are going to bury away all this wonderful genius, these pleasant characteristics. For a little while we will speak about him and write about him, and then the course of events will flow on, and our attention will be attracted by something else!" and the speaker relapsed into sadness and silence.

"It is strange that the news of the death of Von Schwindt should have reached me in Kaulbach's studio," says the narrator of this incident. "For it was in this very spot, standing beneath the arms of this colossal Christ, which seem extended in benediction over the world, that I, on another day long ago, found Kaulbach sadly reading the telegram which told him of the death of that great artist, Cornelius."

—A RETURNED German soldier tells the following: "When the conclusion of peace was officially announced, my regiment was quartered at a town near Orleans. We illuminated our quarters, and a company, with the regimental band, were promenading the streets in honor of the event, when suddenly from the windows above them a cataract of water poured down upon their devoted heads! The captain commanding immediately ordered the house from which the deluge had come to be surrounded; and on proceeding to an upper story, we found four French *elegantes*; and, as "*corpus delicti*," several empty water-buckets. We thereupon requested these "*Joves pluvii*" to descend with us from their modern Olympus, with which request they politely complied, and we locked them up over night, and our captain told each of them that he must send for 1,000 francs; and when the money came he further informed them that to prevent any trouble from happening to them, he would take them with him on a little excursion as far as the German frontier. There we released them; and they probably had to make their way back on foot." So much for a French attempt at enacting the rôle of Jupiter Pluvius.

